


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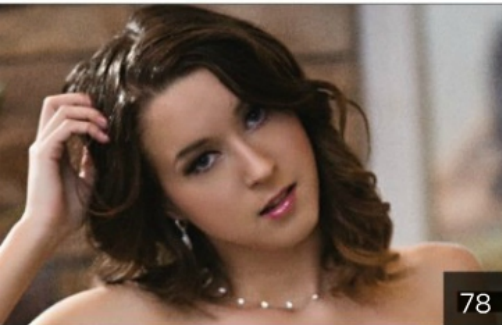
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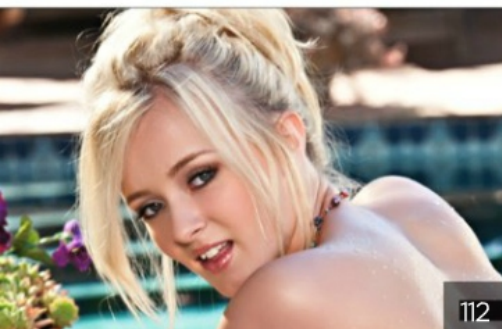
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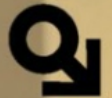
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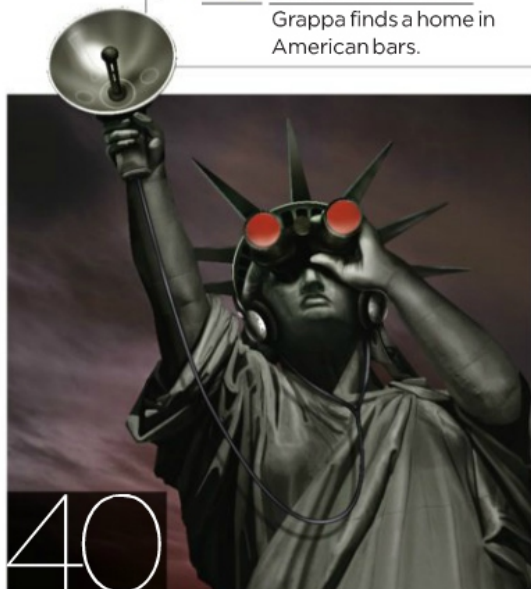
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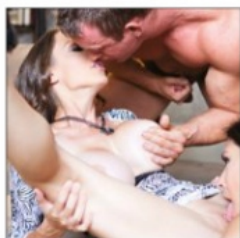
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LEFTOVERS

It was 5 A.M., and although the party had actually ended an hour earlier, the last few guests were just stumbling out to the sidewalk to hail a taxi. I wasn't really a guest, having been Jackie's on-and-off lover for a year or so. I'd offered to help with the cleanup, but secretly I hoped I'd get a little lovin' before I left. But neither Jackie nor her new roommate Carmen seemed to be in any hurry to tackle the mess left behind by 40 drunken friends, and, truthfully, neither was I.



We sat around snacking on leftover pizza, and talking about the noisy couple caught banging in the bathroom and the three-way that got out of hand in Jackie's bedroom, and pretty soon we were telling one another about our most outrageous sexual experiences. Jackie said that her craziest sex was with two guys. She asked me if I'd ever been with two women, and when I admitted I hadn't, but that it was on my fuck-it list, it was Carmen who said that I was in luck.

Carmen and I started kissing, and my hands automatically went to her tits. Meanwhile, Jackie unzipped my pants and started sucking my cock. *Oh, God, this is incredible*, I thought.

When we'd all made a not-so-neat pile of our clothes and Jackie had cleared a space on the rug, I lay back and Jackie straddled my face. I was happily lapping at her juicy twat when Carmen took my cock into her hot mouth.

Now, I could have achieved the same result in a sixty-nine position with just Jackie, but Jackie was never able to deep-throat my cock the way Carmen was doing. Every so often, she'd release my throbbing dick with a wet pop to suck and swirl her tongue around my balls, then swoop down and swallow my cock again. I wanted to fuck her mouth so badly I could barely stand it.

Jackie was still humping my face and getting more frantic by the second. It was a good thing that Carmen released my cock and gave it a good squeeze to keep me from coming, or I might have been finished for the night. I concentrated on sucking Jackie's clit and was about to breach her tight asshole with my finger when Carmen beat me to it. Apparently this wasn't the first time the girls had played together.

Suddenly, Jackie let out a shriek and she came, flooding my face with her release. Then Carmen took Jackie's place and Jackie lowered her pussy onto my aching cock. The girls were face-to-face, kissing and fondling each other while they used me to the utmost. I had a field day trying to tweak their nipples while they rode my cock and mouth. But what I really wanted was to fuck Carmen. I grabbed Carmen's hips and raised her up just enough to shove my tongue up her twat. I wasn't sure what would push her over the edge, but Jackie knew. As soon as she began working Carmen's stiff clit with her fingers, Carmen came hard, then slid off my face.

Jackie climbed off my cock and told Carmen to get on all fours. *Perfect!* I thought. While I slid my cock into Carmen's hot cunt, Carmen buried her face in Jackie's pussy. Enveloped in Carmen's wet heat, I thrust slowly at first, drawing out till just the head was still in, giving her a few shallow strokes before pushing back in till I was balls-deep. Her pussy felt tighter than Jackie's, and it wasn't long before I was thrusting hard and fast, rocking her face into Jackie's muff. When Carmen's pussy spasmed around my dick, I blew my wad deep inside her, feeling drained like I hadn't felt in months.

Afterward, Carmen started to clean our combined juices from my cock. When Jackie said she wanted some, too, I suggested she suck my come out of her friend's pussy. What a picture we must have made: Carmen licking and sucking my cock as if it were her favorite treat, and Jackie licking and sucking the leftovers from Carmen's tight, juicy cunt.—R.T., New York
More letters on page 122

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International Subscriptions: [HTTP://INTL.PENTHOUSE.COM](http://INTL.PENTHOUSE.COM)

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CIRCULATION

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EDITORIAL AND ADVERTISING OFFICE

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FRANCHISE PLAYERS

Scarlett Johansson and Chris Evans return in *Captain America: The Winter Soldier*, also starring Samuel L. Jackson and Robert Redford.





Captain America: The Winter Soldier

Chris Evans, Scarlett Johansson, Samuel L. Jackson, Robert Redford

Give it up for the usually bland Evans: He turned his squareness into a virtue and became a perfect Steve Rogers, defrosted from his World War II-era moment and still gripped by good manners, patriotism, and a belief in ideals most modern superheroes would scoff at. The actor held his own among the motormouths in *The Avengers*, and this sequel to 2011's *Captain America: The First Avenger* has him chafing against Jackson's SHIELD leader Nick Fury—"This isn't freedom; this is fear," Evans spits in the trailer, thrilling op-ed columnists nationwide. He also goes head-to-head with screen icon Redford, Hollywood's one-time symbol of lefty purity. Fortunately for most Marvel fans, many large, battleship-type crafts go boom in slo-mo—it looks like codirectors Anthony and Joe Russo know where their bread is buttered. If you're one of those people who wait through the credits for a final "bumper" scene, you're already going. We'll see you there.

Reporting for Duty

Chris Evans returns as Captain America in the franchise's second installment, also starring Scarlett Johansson, Samuel L. Jackson, and Robert Redford.

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REVIEWS

Noah

Russell Crowe, Jennifer Connelly, Anthony Hopkins

Darren Aronofsky's big-budget digital flood should consume everything in its wake—everything except Crowe, who'll be able to stay afloat on his own supply of hot air. (He reteams with his *A Beautiful Mind* costar Connelly here.) Snark aside, we have to give it up for this kind of Hollywood project, a film that puts modern CGI technology in the service of Old Testament righteousness, showcasing massive, apocalyptic destruction, and maybe even that king-of-the-world shot from *Titanic*. The animals come two-by-two, just like you remember from Sunday school. The audience may be of two minds as well: half true believers, half battling a case of the giggles over tubs of popcorn.

**Under the Skin**

Scarlett Johansson, Antonia Campbell-Hughes, Paul Brannigan

One recurring scene from this unnerving sci-fi flick by director Jonathan Glazer stays with you: Johansson (an alien, from a very special planet) saunters through a completely black room. Following her is a man, who watches avidly as his object of desire begins to shed her clothes. But his great good luck is about to take a precipitous turn for the worse: The floor becomes a pool of tar and he sinks into the void. While Glazer, who directed the 2000 neo-noir *Sexy Beast*, deals with issues of identity and loneliness, Johansson creates an alluring menace that would give *Species*' Natasha Henstridge a run for her money.

**The Raid 2**

Iko Uwais, Julie Estelle, Yayan Ruhian

This Indonesian action film presents a labyrinthine plot about an undercover cop, a syndicate scion with takeover dreams, and a vicious gangster with a limp. But all of that is quite secondary to the flick's primary achievement, which is this: Writer/director Gareth Evans somehow managed to top his first installment, 2011's *The Raid: Redemption*, for insanely brutal sequences of balls-to-the-wall martial arts. And then some. Not since Jackie Chan's heyday have feet, fists, bullets, hammers, and a baseball bat been deployed with such artful panache. We've seen the future of stylized violent cinema, and it actually made us laugh in helpless exhilaration.

**Nymphomaniac: Volume 1**

Charlotte Gainsbourg, Stellan Skarsgård

The title suggests a sexcapade of your wildest, sweatiest fantasies. But this two-part saga, about an addict's search for her missing orgasm—like when Austin Powers lost his mojo—comes from Lars von Trier, cinema's oddest duck. In the case of *Volume 1*, that translates into a smorgasbord of hilarious neuroticism: Gainsbourg narrates her voracious sexual awakening while plot diversions—featuring fly fishing, the Fibonacci sequence, and (best of all) Uma Thurman as a furious, thrown-off wife—disrupt the flow. Still, you'll want to be there for Stacy Martin's uninhibited shagging and the spectacle of a would-be art film going full-boner. **A-**



DRIVEN TO SUCCEED

Actors get the glory, but Robert Nagle has the guts. We talked to the stunt driver behind some of our favorite big-screen car chases to see how he built a career out of risking life and limb—and find out if there's anything that scares him.

For more than a decade, Robert Nagle has been providing the massive balls necessary to pull off the epic races, chases, and wrecks in adrenaline-packed blockbusters, including *Talladega Nights*, *Drive*, *The Dark Knight Rises*, *Total Recall*, *The Lone Ranger*, *The Hangover*, *Captain America: The Winter Soldier*, and the *Fast & Furious* franchise. His borderline-insane fearlessness and pinpoint precision—to date, he's only suffered a broken thumb—have earned him a reputation as one of the best stunt drivers in the industry.

And when he's not rolling cars or racing hovercrafts, he's revolutionizing the way chase scenes are filmed—a few years ago, he helped Allan Padelford Camera Cars design the Biscuit Jr., a drivable trailer that adds a unique sense of realism to car chases. The actor sits in a car mounted on top of the rig, with a stunt driver piloting it from below. The rigs can spin, slide, crash, and speed along at 100 miles an hour, which means the actor can respond to the physics of the scene in real-time—no green-screen bullshit required. The actor can focus on acting, the stunt driver can focus on driving, and chase scenes can be that much more epic. Which is cool with us.

We caught up with Nagle while he was on hiatus from shooting the seventh *Fast & Furious* flick (the script is being rewritten in the wake of Paul Walker's death) to see what it's like holding the wheel for some of the biggest badasses in Hollywood.

How did you get into stunt driving?

I used to race semiprofessionally. I've raced everything from little Formula cars up to Porsches, Corvettes, Ferraris, and some supercar stuff—anything I could get my hands on. Some of the drivers I raced with were already in the film business, and it caught my interest. I mean, come on, what kid doesn't want to be a stunt driver? What I found is that it fulfilled a creative side for me that I really hadn't realized was there.

What was your first paid stunt?

A Volkswagen commercial driving through Monument Valley. They had a

helicopter with a camera on the front flying about a foot away from my back window.

That's a little bit of pressure.

Right? You can't slow down.

What do you think is your most well-known stunt?

Oddly enough, at least in my circle of colleagues, *Public Enemies*, where I crash and roll over a 1933 Ford. We did it without any help with special effects or anything. It was completely organic, using just the terrain and the speed of the vehicle to get it to flip over. It worked because, story-wise,

the guys lose control of the car. So it doesn't look stunt-y, it doesn't look like this big over-the-top wreck. It looks like somebody screwed up.

How do you learn to flip a car?

I don't know if it's learning as much as just understanding the physics of the car and what you can do to get it to turn over. They're a lot harder to flip over than you'd think. It takes some sort of outside source to get it to go over, whether it's a ramp or an explosive device or using the terrain or coming off a six-foot ledge and getting it to land on its side. It's just a matter of figuring out the physics.

In your opinion, what makes a good car chase?

It's got to be believable, and I think the speeds need to be there. It's a funny thing to be able to sell speed on camera—certain angles don't really translate. So you've got to be creative in how some of the stuff is shot. I think that really running the car at its absolute limit and being able to capture that on camera so it translates—that's key for me.

What would you rank as your top three favorite chase scenes?

One of my favorites is *Ronin*. They did a fantastic job of selling the speed and running the cars at their absolute limit through the narrow streets. It looks fantastic. I like some of the car chases from the second or third *Bourne*—there are some great little pieces in there. And, I mean, the standard would be *Bullitt*. It goes back to my childhood of watching *Bullitt*.

Then we might already know the answer, but if you could go back in time and be the stunt driver for any movie, which would you choose?

It would probably be *Bullitt*. I mean, that just looks like a blast. They really drove those cars off those hills, coming over the rises and getting the cars airborne. I remember reading one of the descriptions from one of the stunt men—he said he felt like he was driving off the end of the world every time. That would be fun.

What's the most challenging stunt you've ever done?

The one in *Public Enemies* was pretty challenging because the car had to



The 1933 Ford that Nagle flipped in *Public Enemies*; Nagle catching air in *The Last Stand*.

turn over in a way that looked believable, and without any special effects. There's a lot more precision involved in that than it looks. Just driving a car off a hillside is one thing, but to slide it and get it to land when it comes off that hill at the right point to get it to start rolling over—it was tough.

With all the work that goes into a stunt like that, do you think CGI can ever replace a good stunt driver?

It's always going to look more realistic with somebody behind the wheel. Your eye knows the difference. What I've found is, if we shoot the principal stuff—the things you're really focusing on—for real, and allow CGI to manipulate the background, that's a marriage that works. But once CGI starts to take over the main focus, it just doesn't look right.

Ever managed to scare yourself?

There are always little close calls here and there. On *Fast & Furious 6*, in the opening sequence where the guys are racing on this mountain road—it's in Tenerife in the Canary Islands, and we did it in one take. I had to chase Ben Collins and Mark Higgins, who were doubling for Vin [Diesel] and Paul [Walker] at the time. This road had a 1,000-foot drop-off into the ocean on one side, and a 500- to 600-foot cliff on the other side. The road was pretty much closed off to the public because it was too dangerous, and we made a run through there at high speed. There were these potholes ... well, they weren't really potholes; they were divots from rocks that were falling from 500 feet up and crashing into the road. So between that and the fact that there was no barrier between

us and the edge of the cliff, when you think back on it, that was pretty scary.

How do you prepare for a scene like that? Do you get out on the road and take a practice run?

Unfortunately, we didn't have the time for a practice run, so we just drove to one end of it and turned around and went. Oftentimes, we do get a chance to feel the road and be able to run it at a lower speed first. But we just didn't have that opportunity.

The crazy stunts have been a big part of the success of the *Fast & Furious* movies. Were there any that you heard about and thought, *How are we going to pull that off?*

No, it was more like, *This is going to be awesome!*

Unfortunately, the seventh installment is on hold. How has Paul Walker's death affected everything?

You know, it's become like a big family. We were home for Thanksgiving when I got the phone call about Paul, and I was really crushed. He was a really, really, really great guy, and it's a very sad loss.

Hopefully it'll be back up and running soon. It's rare that we're actually excited for the seventh movie in a franchise.

Yeah, it's definitely the exception and not the rule for franchises. My first involvement was on *Fast Five*, and some of the stuff we did was just so over-the-top. It was an absolute roller-coaster ride when I saw the movie.


Obviously Paul Walker was a huge car buff. Has anyone else impressed you with their driving skills?

I worked very closely with Colin Farrell on *Miami Vice*, and trained him to drive the Ferrari on that. He picked it up really well, and he was a fun guy to work with. I worked with Ryan Gosling on *Drive*. He had a great attitude and great aptitude for it as well.

And, of course, we need to know—what do you drive?

A 5-Series BMW is my daily driver.

Do you have a dream car?

Along budget lines, a BMW M6. With money being not an issue, I'm deeply in love with Ferrari. 



Power Move

Literary Brooklyn rockers the Hold Steady have bulked up their sound with a second lead guitarist.

The Hold Steady
Teeth Dreams
 Washington Square
 ★★★ 1/2

The Hold Steady have always packed a powerful one-two punch in singer Craig Finn's deft lyrics and guitarist Tad Kubler's meaty slabs of classic-rock riffage. After keyboardist Franz Nicolay left the band in 2010, they added another lead guitarist (former Lucero member Steve Selvidge), a move that Finn has said "sort of opened things up for us." But on first listen to *Teeth Dreams* (their sixth full-length, and first with Selvidge), you might think the guitars are crowding things—namely Finn's quote-worthy

couplets, which are simply harder to hear. But after a few spins, the more complicated song structures start to crystallize, and the vivid stanzas hit home. "It was called the Ambassador," Finn sings of a seedy bar in the ballad of the same name. "There wasn't much diplomatic there." On "Big Cig," which pivots on a huge Thin Lizzy-style riff and a killer fuzzbox bass line, he drawls, "One night she's a magic trick/ one night she's a sinking ship." The Hold Steady is now bigger, brawnier, and—just maybe—better.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (THE HOLD STEADY) DANNY CLINCH, (THE WAR ON DRUGS) DUSIND CONDREN, (THE MEN) ALEXANDER PERRELLI, (BLACK LIPS) MICK ROCK



The War on Drugs
Lost in the Dream
Secretly Canadian

★★★

Philadelphia outfit the War on Drugs is a vehicle for California transplant Adam Granduciel, who sings like a combination of Bob Dylan and—this is not an insult—Christopher Cross. He layers that voice onto expansive, hypnotic tunes that swell and subside, with locomotive rhythms undergirding haunting synth sounds and quicksilver guitar patterns. As the title of their third record suggests, things are even more hazy than usual this time out—sometimes too much so, as on the track “Disappearing,” which edges from atmospheric into tediousness. But in songs like “Under the Pressure,” with its winning, piano-laced groove, and “An Ocean in Between the Waves,” which is borne along by a ticking beat, an insistent bass line, and plenty of guitar, the War on Drugs keep advancing their singular classic-rock rethink.



The Men
Tomorrow's Hits
Sacred Bones

★★★

On their critically acclaimed 2012 album, *Open Your Heart*, Brooklyn quintet the Men started expanding their palette, adding classic-rock and country elements to the sonic assault of their more aggressive early records. Then on last year's *New Moon*, they ditched the old sound almost completely, lighting out down the trail cleared by acts like the Band and Wilco, while retaining scraps of their shaggy punk aesthetic. The ironically titled *Tomorrow's Hits* sends them farther along that path. The rapid-heartbeat bass line of “Different Days” and the distortion-heavy “Going Down” call to mind their raucous early style, while the sturdy, country-tinged grooves of “Dark Waltz” and “Get What You Give” signal the new direction—and the unhinged hoedown “Pearly Gates” fuses the two in the middle.



Black Lips
Underneath the Rainbow
Vice Records

★★★

While many twenty-first-century acts draw from the past for inspiration, Atlanta's Black Lips sound like they were beamed here directly from the past. Their reverb-heavy surf-rock riffs and fuzzed-out bass lines would fit seamlessly onto, say, the early *Nuggets* collections of sixties garage rock. That is, until you get to some of the lyrical content, such as on the new record's “Do the Vibrate,” wherein they ask a friend to put her phone in a strategic location and set it on vibrate: “I'm gonna call you babe/ You don't gotta pick up darlin'!” Their scrappy sense of humor is all over *Rainbow*, from the twangy opener “Drive-By Buddy” (“drive-by buddy/ sorry, but you can't stay”) to closer “Dog Years,” with its monologue about love at first sight over a “Virginia Slims ultralight menthol 100s crushed soft pack.”

Dream On

Five great songs about REM—the sleep phase, not the band



“In Dreams,” Roy Orbison, 1963

Sleep talk: This song's (in)famous use in the 1986 David Lynch film *Blue Velvet* gave it a second life—and inspired Bono of U2 to write “She's a Mystery to Me,” which came to him in a dream after a night spent listening to Orbison's 1963 classic on the movie's soundtrack.



“Dream Weaver,” Gary Wright, 1975

Sleep talk: Director Wes Craven has said that the song, especially its keyboard intro/outro, inspired the creation of his 1984 horror film *A Nightmare on Elm Street*. Bonus talk: New Orleans sludge-metalers Crowbar covered the song in 2000.



“California Dreamin’,” the Mamas and the Papas, 1965

Sleep talk: According to cowriters John Phillips and (the superfine) Michelle Phillips, who each told the story to different news outlets, John dreamed about the song one winter night in New York City in 1963. He then woke up Michelle and they wrote it together.



“Dream Police,” Cheap Trick, 1979

Sleep talk: Rick Nielsen told biographers Mike Hayes and Ken Sharp that the tune “is an attempt to take a heavy thought—a quick bit of REM snatched right before waking up—and put it into a pop format.”



“Daydream,” the Smashing Pumpkins, 1991

Sleep talk: Billy Corgan wrote this after hearing My Bloody Valentine's debut, *Isn't Anything*. Of that album's drowsy vocals, singer Bilinda Butcher said they recorded her parts in the early morning: “I'm usually trying to remember what I've been dreaming about when I'm singing.”



REVIEWS

The Gangs Are Here

We're suckers for some hot group action—get your mind out of the gutter, for once. We're talking about ensemble casts.



AMERICAN HUSTLE

This is the kind of movie that makes other movies look bad. It has political corruption. It has Mafia drama. It has late-seventies nostalgia. It has enough wicked humor that it somehow landed in the "comedy" category at the Golden Globes. It has Amy Adams topless, Jennifer Lawrence reuniting with Bradley Cooper (who's rocking a perm), and Christian Bale with a comb-over. We don't need to talk you into owning this, right? But in case you need a nudge, the Blu-ray will also include a making-of featurette and deleted material (translation: extra footage of the smokin'-hot leading ladies).



BENEATH

This low-budget thriller follows six friends on a camping trip after their high school graduation. They've heard legends of something eerie lurking below (beneath?) the surface of Black Lake, so naturally they choose that as their destination and set off in a rinky-dink rowboat to take a dip in the murky waters. But after a vicious underwater predator scarfs down one of the group and both their oars, they must work together to survive—which, since they're a bunch of teenagers, means shitloads of drama and a pretty hasty decision that human sacrifice is the best solution. No word on the extras at press time, but we're hoping to at least get a behind-the-scenes look at the old-school animatronic lake monster.



KILL YOUR DARLINGS

We admit we were skeptical when we first heard of this bio-drama about Allen Ginsberg's college years at Columbia University. Director John Krokidas had never helmed a feature-length film before, his former college roommate penned the script, and our wounds were still fresh from the letdown of 2012's Beat Generation-inspired movie, *On the Road*. But *Kill Your Darlings* is actually a gripping story about a seedy love triangle and subsequent murder that shaped Ginsberg's writing career. Thanks to the chemistry between Daniel Radcliffe and Dane DeHaan, this true-crime story is an awesomely nerdy way to spend a couple of hours. The Blu-ray release includes audio commentary, deleted scenes, and interviews with the cast and creators.



SLUMBER PARTY MASSACRE

Originally written as a feminist spoof of T&A slasher flicks, this 1982 cult classic wound up being ... well, a slightly funnier-than-average T&A slasher flick. Left alone for the weekend, high school senior Trish invites her basketball teammates to a sleepover, but things turn sour when a power drill-wielding madman terrorizes the neighborhood. It's up to the girls, in all their lingerie-clad glory, to take down the killer and his awesomely phallic weapon of choice. It's not exactly film-school material, but this gory sort-of-spoof deserves a spot in your horror collection.



THE HUNGER GAMES: CATCHING FIRE COMBO PACK

We probably don't need to fill you in on the plot of this movie, but just in case you live in a cave: Blaming Katniss (Jennifer Lawrence) for the brewing rebellion against the Capitol, President Snow changes the rules of the next Hunger Games so—surprise!—the ass-kicking beauty will be forced to compete again, this time under the watchful eye of a new game maker (the late Philip Seymour Hoffman). Buy the combo pack to see Lawrence kick some serious Capitol ass—like the rest of the world, our J-Law obsession grows with each passing day—and for the exclusive high-def, feature-length documentary on the making of the movie.

Interiors

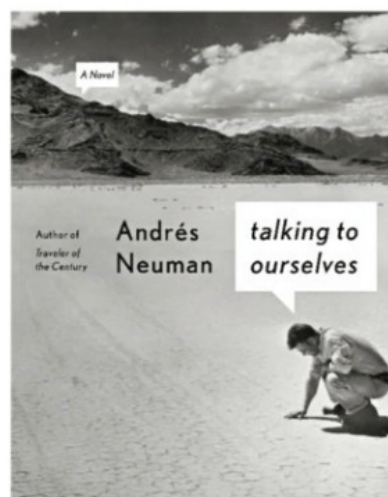
In his latest book, acclaimed Argentine novelist Andrés Neuman goes inside the heads of three family members grappling with loss.

Talking to Ourselves

By Andrés Neuman

A man dying of cancer takes his son on a road trip to create a lasting memory for the boy before the father dies. While they're away, the man's doctor—in a move that seems at odds with the Hippocratic Oath—embarks on an affair with the man's distraught wife. And not just any affair: a visceral, sadomasochistic one that she grows to crave as both relief and punishment. What's more, the cancer doc opens the liaison with a strong contender for worst line ever in the history of illicit romances between doctors and their dying patients'

spouses: "I can't take my eyes off your breasts or your dignity." Despite that howler, which would land with a thud on the average telenovela, Neuman's tale contains compelling insights on love, grief, and dying. Its structure is also effective: The story unfolds in alternating installments from the three family members—mom's diary, dad's tape-recorded commentary for his son, and the boy's careening inner monologue—all of which reinforce the book's title, a kind of spin on Joseph Conrad's *Heart of Darkness* insight, "We live as we dream—alone."

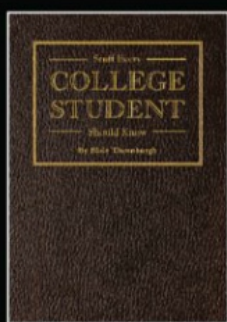


How-to Guide of the Month

Stuff Every College Student Should Know

By Blair Thornburgh

This compact yet comprehensive guide to campus life might have been better suited to a fall publication date, but no matter: Students can consult its concise store of information in between tequila shots during spring break. They'll find such useful advice as how to get a date, how to gracefully decline one, and how to break up with someone. The pocket-size book also covers how to pass a test you forgot to study for, tips for pulling an all-nighter, and the best way to get your favorite prof to write you a killer recommendation. For upperclassmen hurtling toward the day they'll be released into the real world, there's an entire section devoted to financial guidance, and, just in time for the book's March release, there's "The Only Spring Break Packing List You'll Ever Need."



Behind-the-Scenes Excerpt of the Month

From James Gandolfini:

The Real Life of the Man Who Made Tony Soprano

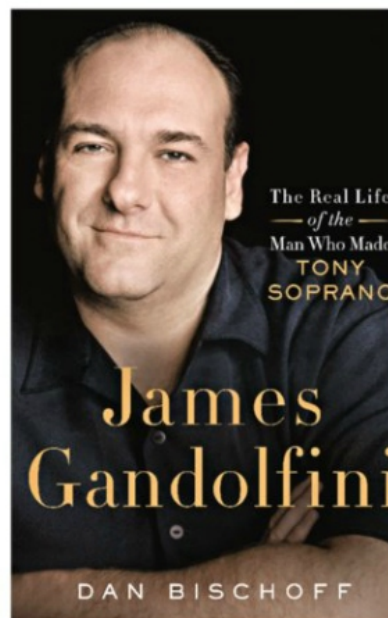
By Dan Bischoff

Bischoff's book, the first biography of the celebrated actor since he died in June 2013, is a little heavy on second-hand sources, but there are some worthy tidbits, including the story, first published in *Vanity Fair*, of how FBI agents heard real-life gangsters discussing how realistic *The Sopranos* was. There's also the following, about the pressure of Gandolfini's heavy *Sopranos* workload—pressure that once caused him to destroy a phone booth in the middle of a scene:

"The rest of the cast knew it was Gandolfini's performance that made

the show work, and most of them understood the intense pressure that he had to be under. 'He was a great actor ...,' Tony Sirico ["Paulie Walnuts"] told me. 'The way he'd give a line and then take a breath, look at you, like he was thinking it over.... I did the 'Pine Barrens' [a 2001 episode]. I was in 30 scenes—30 scenes! I lost like ten pounds. And Jimmy did that every week.'

"'Some of that turmoil that's inside Jim ... is what he uses to bring that guy to the screen,' [*Sopranos* creator David] Chase once said about the phone-booth incident. 'He'd complain, "These things I have to do [as Tony], I behave in such a terrible way." I'd say to him, "It says in the script, 'He slammed the refrigerator door.' It didn't say, 'He destroys the entire refrigerator!' You did that. This is what you ... bring to it.'" "





InFAMOUS: Second Son

SONY (PS4)

A game about superpowers but not superheroes, *Second Son* is set in an extra-grungy Seattle seven years after the last chapter's hero sacrificed himself to save humanity from an omnipotent evil. Superhumans have been declared bioterrorists and are hunted by the Department of Unified Protection, a fascist government agency that's put the city on lockdown. That makes Seattle the perfect place to play Delsin Rowe, a 24-year-old native who's developed powers along with authority issues.

While past *inFAMOUS* titles have dabbled in letting the player make moral choices, *Second Son* keeps track of every little action, good or evil, and those twist the story and affect how Seattle's citizens react to your presence. Use your abilities to fight the power and the people will cheer you

on; break bad and dip into Walter White territory and you'll become Public Enemy No. 1. Rowe is able to steal other superhumans' abilities, creating a roster of powers you can customize throughout the game. Eventually you'll be able to wield multiple powers while leaping, climbing, and running. The DualShock 4's touchpad makes multitasking as a supercharged badass a bit easier.

Second Son is one of the first games developed exclusively for the PlayStation 4, and the system's horsepower is on display in Seattle's dreary weather, the reflections in rain puddles, the destructible environments, the subtle shadows, the realistic lighting, and the superpower effects. All of Seattle is yours to explore in this open-world adventure. Whether you tour the Space Needle or topple it is up to you.

Most Valuable Playthings



SUPER RETRO TRIO
INNEX • \$70

Relive gaming's halcyon days (and get some use out of those ancient cartridges mothballed in Mom's attic) with this system that replicates the hardware and controls of the NES, the SNES, and the Genesis.



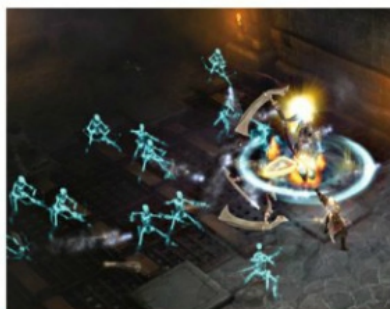
SIRU GAMING MOUSE PAD
ROCCAT • \$15

The Siru gaming mouse pad is the one piece of gear in your rig that you never knew would make a difference. The slim-as-a-credit-card pad grips your desk while providing an even surface for straighter shooting.



INTERCEPT GAMING GLASSES
GUNNAR OPTIKS • \$69

These "gaming" glasses boost your couch-potato style with new colors while protecting your eyes from fatigue and preventing eyestrain during marathon shooter sessions.



DIABLO III: REAPER OF SOULS
BLIZZARD (PC AND MAC)

Like any responsible PC gamer, you probably beat *Diablo III* once and then promptly forgot it, leaving it in the nether regions of your hard drive. Well, it's time to dust off your Legendary gear set for a fresh run and an improved skeleton-clicking experience. The *Reaper of Souls* expansion adds the multiple-playthrough dynamics we wanted from the original release. A full game in itself, it sows darker storylines, a new character class (a holy-rolling knight known as the Crusader), sprawling dungeons to spelunk, minions to enlist, and an enhanced loot system that unlocks Elite and Legendary gear exponentially. You don't even have to play through a linear storyline if you'd rather focus on leveling up and loot-grabbing.




METAL GEAR SOLID V: GROUND ZEROES
KONAMI (XBOX ONE, XBOX 360, PS4, PS3)

The past few installments in the *Metal Gear Solid* saga have layered so many ludicrous plot twists on top of outlandish characters (one game featured a terrorist who controlled bees) that it's now the most impenetrable mythos in gaming. *Ground Zeroes* attempts to simplify things by focusing on what the series does best: "tactical espionage action." Once again you guide be-mulleted spec-ops badass Solid Snake on a series of infiltration missions, this time into a Cuban military base. As always, it's best to remain unseen and unheard as you creep behind guards to extract rogue agents and swipe intel. The base is a sandbox of stealth options, letting you explore and complete missions at your own pace and in real time (the game links to your system's clock). Our advice: Play at night, when the sneaking's easier.



EARTH DEFENSE FORCE 2025
D3 PUBLISHER (XBOX 360, PS3)

Sometimes you don't have an entire weekend to spend saving the *Halo* universe or mobilizing a *Call of Duty* campaign. *Earth Defense Force 2025*—the latest entry in a series beloved by hard-core gamers—is the perfect low-time-investment/high-frag-return title for when you have only an hour to blow shit up. In this case, you're blowing up insectile aliens called Ravagers that are invading Earth's cities in endless waves (think *Starship Troopers* in Times Square). This sequel brings new character classes and training missions, hundreds of over-the-top weapons, and newly evolved baddies of every shape and size (some as big as city blocks). Team up with three friends online and save the planet one hour at a time. 

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Level Up

Go from consumer to “prosumer” with these upgraded gadgets.

By Crispin Boyer

■ Charge case and stand

iPort • \$120

This is essentially three iPad peripherals for the price of two (more or less), and it's just one Bluetooth keyboard short of being the ultimate iPad peripheral. The sturdy case, which is compatible with the Apple Smart Cover, both protects your tablet and makes it easier to charge it on the stand. Just plop the case into the stand in either portrait or landscape mode and the tablet begins charging wirelessly. The stand itself supports your iPad in three different angles (vertical, slanted, or flat) for no-hands viewing of media, or use as a desktop system with an optional keyboard. The iPad Mini and iPad Mini Retina stands sell for \$20 less than the fourth-generation and iPad Air versions.



■ Nabu smartband

Razer • \$100 (estimated)

Marketing a fitness tracker to gamers might seem like the world's most brain-dead business plan, but the Nabu smartband does more than just track steps walked, stairs climbed, etc. It was designed by the PC-hardware gurus at Razer as both a fit band and a smartwatch, and it adds videogame-style achievements and gesture-based controls to your life outside the virtual world. Each band has two OLED notification screens: One warns of incoming emails, game alerts, texts, and calls, while a second screen inside the wrist displays content of texts and emails. The Nabu also detects other bands in range, helping you track friends or any wearers who meet certain criteria. Razer hopes its open-source-software environment will encourage developers to create gaming-style apps, blurring the boundaries between the virtual and real worlds.



■ Dash Cam 20

Garmin • \$250

Russian drivers no longer have a monopoly on crazy road-rage videos and meteorite sightings. Garmin is releasing two windshield-mounted cameras that capture every moment from your car in motion. The Dash Cam 20 records 1,080p, 720p, or WVGA video to its four-gigabyte memory card in a loop. When the built-in accelerometer detects a crash, the camera saves its recent video to the memory card, along with audio and GPS data (speed, direction of travel, and coordinates). You can also remove the camera to snap photos of the crash damage. The Dash Cam 10 sells for \$30 less, but it doesn't include the GPS feature. Both models are powered by your car's accessory port, and automatically switch on when you crank the ignition.

■ Home-theater sound stand

Vizio • \$150 (estimated)

Sleek "sound bars" have replaced sprawling home-theater systems in homes that value space over sound-field might. Now, Vizio, Samsung, and several other A/V manufacturers are launching more efficient speaker systems—called "sound stands"—that take up even less space than a sound bar but deliver similar soundscapes. Vizio's entry is just 21 inches long, and sits beneath any HDTV under 50 inches and less than 50 pounds. Two stereo speakers unleash audio on par with any sound bar, and come with an integrated subwoofer that delivers room-rumbling bass down to 60 hertz. The compact, simple-to-connect system is ideal for bedrooms, dorms, or small apartments.





■ Crock-Pot smart slow cooker Belkin • \$100

A Wi-Fi-enabled slow cooker might sound like a total crock, but this is actually a smart kitchen addition for anyone too busy to bake or too ditzzy to operate an appliance. The cooker connects via Wi-Fi to any computer or smartphone loaded with Belkin's WeMo app, which lets you monitor and adjust cooking temperature and switch off the pot remotely so you don't accidentally burn down the joint when you work late. It also calculates cooking time and sends updates on the status of your dish. Of course, you can always operate the Crock-Pot the old-fashioned way, and the \$100 price is on par with other higher-end slow cookers.




■ FDR-AX100 4K camcorder Sony • \$2,000

If you early-adopter types have been frustrated by the lack of content options for your spiffy new 4K "ultra HDTV," why not create your own? The FDR-AX100 is less than half the price—and half the size—of Sony's debut 4K handycam, and it puts Hollywood-resolution filmmaking into the hands of amateur auteurs. Its secret weapon is its oversize CMOS sensor, a 14.2-megapixel monster that records 4K video or ultra-HD images at 3,840 by 2,160 pixels. Real-time image processing corrects for background noise and low light, while the high-end Zeiss lens allows for nifty "bokeh" effects that defocus the background for professional-level cinematography.



■ Replicator Mini MakerBot • \$1,375

The *Star Trek* fantasy of owning a machine that replicates physical objects—from cogs to action figures—is suddenly a little more realistic and affordable. MakerBot, known for its pricey 3-D printers aimed at wannabe inventor "prosumers," is releasing this smaller, simpler consumer model that can print any solid object up to 3.9 inches wide by 4.9 inches tall. Simply feed it a spool of plastic "ink," select your desired object from a "Thingiverse" of more than 28,000 simple objects (or design your own with the free app), and hit print. A camera monitors the progress of your builds and even posts social-networking updates—which means you'll want to check your privacy settings before printing the inevitable 3-D model of your junk. 

The 21st-Century Warrior

Jeep's new Cherokee literally goes anywhere.

By Bill Heald

When a nameplate that has been a success for decades disappears, it's a pretty safe bet it will someday return with a new, contemporary design that somehow evokes the original. Icons like the Camaro, Challenger, Viper, and Stingray have all taken some time off, only to return to showrooms looking better than ever. The Jeep Cherokee four-door SUV was a truly groundbreaking design when it first appeared back in the early eighties, with its compact dimensions, versatile interior, and serious off-road prowess even though it didn't have a truck-style frame. Instead, this workhorse had an innovative unibody design that reduced weight, yet was rugged enough for spirited bounding through the bush—and the same basic design persevered until 2001. These things sold by the trainload, and ended up in the hands of everyone from comely lingerie-shop sales associates to the security forces patrolling the perimeter of Area 51 outside Rachel, Nevada. With such amazing popularity in the past, coupled with enormous advancements in technology, chassis design, and materials science since the Cherokee's inception, you can see there's a lot riding on this new Jeep. Expectations (like when you meet a lingerie sales associate with a penchant for outdoor sports) are sky-high, and the company has spent a lot of effort ensuring it has created something that celebrates the Cherokee name, while using the latest engineering to take Jeep boldly into the future.





Built on a tight, 107-inch wheelbase, the Cherokee has a steel-unit body, like its predecessor, but it's dramatically stronger and a whole new beast in the suspension department. Unlike the straight, wagon-style axles of the past, the new machine has a fully independent suspension with both sharp road manners and serious off-road capability dialed into the shock tuning. Two engines are available, the first being what Jeep calls a Tigershark MultiAir Inline Four; and for those who want the most muscle, a 3.2-liter Pentastar V-6. There is but one transmission and it's a doozy—a nine-speed automatic. This elaborate gearbox is designed

to fortify both on- and off-road performance while significantly increasing fuel economy, and, in typical Jeep fashion, can be had with two-wheel drive or a choice of three different all-wheel-drive systems.

As we believe in picking from the top of the heap, we focus our attention on the Trailhawk model, which is armed with one of the most sophisticated all-wheel-drive systems in Jeep history. This mix of mechanical components and software includes a Low range, as well as a locking rear differential, and (as with the other two systems) multimode Selec-Terrain traction control with Auto, Snow, Sport, Sand/Mud, and Rock settings. These modes optimize the operation of

everything from engine response to Hill Descent Control to help suit the terrain, be it billiard-table smooth or postapocalyptic. The Trailhawk meets Jeep's Trail Rated designation, meaning it can perform in a variety of challenging off-road conditions identified by five key performance categories: traction, ground clearance, maneuverability, articulation, and water-fording.

This is clearly a vehicle designed for punishment, but the idea is to keep those inside comfortable and isolated from the fires of Mordor (should you be trekking to Mount Doom). The interior philosophy revolves around high-quality materials and tight workmanship, so—like a Rolex sport watch—the Cherokee is at home whether you're sporting your tux on the way to the country club or wearing your hiking shorts for a rock-climbing date. The latest infotainment goodies are accessed via a screen in the central stack, as well as a smaller screen found in the instrument cluster (which is configurable to suit your specific needs). The basic mission statement of versatility and durability is alive and well in the new Cherokee, but unlike the platform of the past, there's class-leading brains and refinement to go with the brawn, all elegantly wrapped in a very shapely package. 

TRAILHAWK SPECIFICATIONS

Body style	Five-door SUV
Engine	3.2-liter V-6
Power	271 horsepower
Torque	239 foot-pounds
Transmission	Nine-speed automatic
Front tires	245/65R17
Rear tires	245/65R17
Curb weight	4,106 pounds

PERFORMANCE

0-60	7.9 seconds
Top speed	To be announced
Fuel capacity	15.9 gallons
EPA mpg	19 city/22 highway
Base price	\$29,495



THE ULTIMATE ITALIAN

The power and glory of limited production. • By Bill Heald



There is a sad fact in the world of motorcycle design: What the creators envision is often at the mercy of the limitations of the real world. What this boils down to is that the engineers and other creative minds ultimately must surrender to the cost considerations and production barriers that result in a finished product that, while desirable, is often a mere shadow of what the designers originally had in mind. But in the case of Ducati's 1199 Superleggera, the decision not to make this a regular-production supersport mount (and thus supersede worry about affordability) has allowed the creation of a very unique motorcycle.

The Superleggera is not just a masterpiece of

SPECIFICATIONS


Engine type	Liquid-cooled, 90-degree V-twin
Bore x stroke	112mm x 60.8mm
Displacement	1,198 cc
Fuel system	Mitsubishi electronic fuel injection
Ignition	Electronic
Transmission	Six speed
Front suspension	Öhlins 43mm male slider forks, fully adjustable
Rear suspension	Single shock Öhlins, fully adjustable
Front brakes	Dual 330mm Brembo discs, Bosch ABS
Rear brake	Single 245mm Brembo disc, Bosch ABS
Front tire	120/70 ZR17 Pirelli Diablo Supercorsa SP
Rear tire	200/55 ZR17 Pirelli Diablo Supercorsa SP
Fuel tank	4.5-gallon capacity
Wheelbase	56.6 inches
Seat height	32.4 inches
Curb weight	390.2 pounds
Base price	\$65,000



high-performance motorcycle engineering—it's a veritable wet dream of exotic materials that make it staggeringly fast and light on its feet. With more than 200 horsepower erupting from Ducati's amazing Superquadro V-twin engine and a curb weight of more than 390 pounds, this bullet with turn signals has the highest power-to-weight ratio of any production motorcycle in history.

The power in the signature Ducati engine comes in part from using titanium connecting rods, titanium exhaust valves, and special piston rings to reduce friction (this is typically found only on the most exotic engines). The crankshaft is lightened the way the world's finest race shops do it, and it's balanced using special tungsten inserts. Exhaust gases explode with delicious bravado through stainless-steel headers, and leave the Superleggera's shapely form via a titanium exhaust system. This parts inventory is the kind of reading that keeps tuners awake at night, dreaming of horsepower and torque figures that look as if they came from a performance car, and, naturally, Ducati has fabricated a chassis capable of exploiting that phenomenal thrust. The bike has both the latest in traction-enhancement technology and Ducati's Wheelie Control to provide nice bits of insurance, as do the huge Brembo brakes and their associated antilock electronics.

While the lion's share of the competition still opts to use a twin-spine aluminum frame, Ducati continues to evolve its famed trellis backbone, and this time it's composed of magnesium (as are the wheels) and a carbon-fiber rear subframe, all topped off with carbon-fiber bodywork. The suspension is right off the racing circuit, with fully adjustable Öhlins hardware to keep the Superleggera from getting skittish when you encounter unexpected road (or track) irregularities.

Nothing on this bike has been compromised for the sake of the bottom line, and the flawless blending of function with form is a credit to the passion of the people who conceived and built it. Only 500 units will be made, and then the bike will vanish into the fog like an elusive dream. Act fast, for speed is what this jewel is all about. 



Last month my girlfriend moved into a new apartment with a guy she's been friends with for years. He's decent enough, or at least he was before they moved in together. Now he seems to have an odd interest in our sex life.


On the first night in the place, she and I christened her new mattress with a long screw session. We weren't that loud (no slamming the headboard against the wall or hanging from light fixtures); we just did our thing and went to bed. The next morning, after I'd left, her roommate told her he could hear everything and it sounded like we were having a pretty good time.

A few nights later, we were all sitting around watching a movie. After it ended, we got up to go to bed, and he made an offhand comment that we should try to keep it down because he had to get up early for work.

These comments, and the fact that he's right in the next room listening, are screwing with my head, and it's actually affecting our sex life. I won't screw her unless the place is empty or we're at my place. What should I do?

First, I'm wondering about your relationship status. I'm going to assume you're not that serious about this girl, since there has to be a reason why you were okay with her sharing living quarters with another guy's dick. If you guys were serious about each other, the moment she mentioned moving in with another man, you would have said, "Oh, hell, no," and moved her in with you. Instead, now she's living with this dude, and when he hears you two banging, he feels the need to mention it over a bowl of Fruity Pebbles the next morning. The reason for that is simple: He wants her.

Let's pretend for a minute he's not sexually interested in her, and she's just the other half of the rent in his eyes. Her sex life and the volume of her bonking wouldn't concern him because he knows he'll be guilty of the same thing the next time he brings a girl back to their place. But no, he wants your girlfriend to know he hears her screwing so she gets embarrassed about it and stops having sex with you (at least when he's within earshot), while he continues the charade of being "just a friend." He's just waiting for you to screw up now that he's in position to be the crotch she cries into.

Fuck your stage fright. Who gives a shit if he's listening? Let him hear you bang the living daylight out of her. Leave the door open. As soon as you're finished, head out to the kitchen for a cold drink of water. Smile as you pass him sitting alone on the couch. You need to get in this guy's head before he gets in your girl's pants. 

BRING THE NOISE

Our twenty-first-century rogue tells you how to deal with a girlfriend's overly intrusive male roommate.

Illustration by Celia Calle

Get Wasted

After winemakers press grapes, distillers turn the skins and seeds into grappa, a potent Italian brandy and the ultimate recycled spirit.

By Joshua M. Bernstein

My friend Bati's father, Bernard, hates wasting food. The Frenchman will dig through Dumpsters to source mushy strawberries, which he'll turn into jam. Then he'll trade jam for empty wine bottles, later used to store the wine he makes from bruised grapes. And instead of ditching the pomace—the pulp, skins, and seeds left after pressing grapes—he'll distill the waste matter into grappa, an Italian brandy that's most certainly an acquired taste.

"Drink, drink!" Bernard urged. We'd just finished an hours-long feast and our bellies were globes. I clinked his glass and knocked back the spirit. It felt like lighter fluid flaming down my throat and into my belly, where a most marvelous sensation occurred: The grappa soothed my overstuffed stomach, making me think that maybe, just maybe, I should have another wedge of cheese. "Grappa!" Bernard exclaimed, proclaiming the power of this centuries-old Italian brandy.

Since the Middle Ages, grappa has been a constant of the lower rungs of Italian life. The well-off citizenry drank wine, while grappa was the working class's favored hooch. It remained

the everyman's elixir until around the middle of the twentieth century, when grappa gradually lost its rocket-fuel reputation and was welcomed into refined society. Today, grappa is an around-the-clock companion to Italians' daily routine.

After dinner, grappa is downed as a digestif to aid digestion. Come morning and afternoon, you'll find folks dashing into bars for an espresso and a grappa.

"My wife and I have been in cheap hotels in Italy, and when we get up in the morning to have an espresso, there are guys knocking back a double grappa on their way to work," says Stephen McCarthy, the owner and distiller of Portland, Oregon's Clear Creek Distillery, which makes a range of excellent grappas.

While rise-and-shine drinking may never be socially acceptable in America (save for tailgating, that is), grappa has, over the past several decades, found a home in the American bar. That's partly due to the rising quality of imported Italian grappas. Previously, most of the grappas that reached the States were distilled from a jumble of pomaces. That's sort of like tossing random leftovers into a pot and serving them for dinner. As you'd expect, earlier grappas were

rough, strong, spicy, and a close cousin to kerosene. It's no wonder Ernest Hemingway had characters in his Italy-set classic, *A Farewell to Arms*, glug grappa before combat on the battlefield—and in the bedroom.

These days, finer grappas, both from Italy and America, are made from the pomace of a single or several carefully selected grape varietals, be they fruity Merlot or sweet floral Muscats. But don't be scared off. "I'm not sure if there's something in the word that makes people think that grappa is sweet," says Clear Creek's McCarthy, but "grappa is not a drink for the faint of heart."



Great Grappas to Try

Clear Creek Distillery Grappa Moscato

The Oregon distillery's most popular grappa is made with locally sourced pomace. Moscato is smooth and intensely aromatic, with a floral nose and a finish as spicy as the day is long.

Jacopo Poli Sarpa di Poli Grappa

Founded in 1898 by the Poli family, the northern-Italian distillery is currently run by Jacopo Poli and his siblings. This sleek young grappa, made with a blend of Cabernet and Merlot pomace, is equally crisp and herbaceous.

Nardini Grappa Bianco

The pride of Italy's oldest distillery, this grappa tips the scales at a strapping 100 proof. As you'd expect from the boozy heft, Bianco is initially intense, before revealing flavors of cinnamon, jasmine tea, and citrus zest.

Marolo Grappa di Moscato

Inspired by dinner at American steakhouses, Paolo Marolo's complex Italian grappa spends five years aging in French oak, resulting in a full-bodied, assertive grappa that's ideal after a rich, decadent meal.

Lorenzo Inga Grappa di Dolcetto

Since 1832, Italy's Inga clan has specialized in producing grappa. This sublime release pairs a fruity, fragrant aroma with a flavor that's by turns buttery, berrylike, and lightly bitter.





auto erotica

We all know that the perfect accessory to a gorgeous classic car is a gorgeous model, like 28-year-old Andi Rose, and going topless further enhances both shapely forms. Plus, just like all the finest classic vehicles, Andi, a 34DDD-25-35 cocktail waitress in Las Vegas, hails from the Motor City.

Photographs by Shaun Goodrich



"I'm happy with my life, but if I could be anyone else, it would be Sofia Vergara. She is the sexiest woman alive!"

HAIR AND MAKEUP BY LINDSEY DIMICK








"My perfect date is dinner and a movie. I like to keep it simple and intimate. And I like to chill at dive bars and play pool."



"I don't really have a type when it comes to guys, but if you have a job and can make me smile and laugh, you're in."





A woman with dark hair and red lipstick is lying on her back on a red leather car seat. She is looking directly at the camera with a slight smile. Her right arm is raised, with her hand near her head. The car seat has a black textured pattern on the sides and a red leather-like material on the main surface. The lighting is soft and focused on her face and upper body.

"I'd only have sex with a stranger if I had a husband and Robert Redford offered him a million bucks to sleep with me—just kidding! If I feel a connection, anything is possible."

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SPY vs. NO SPY

As Americans, we feel as if we're entitled to privacy from government intrusion, but in today's wired society, that privacy is even more of an illusion than ever.

By Peter Laufer • Illustration by Chris Hires

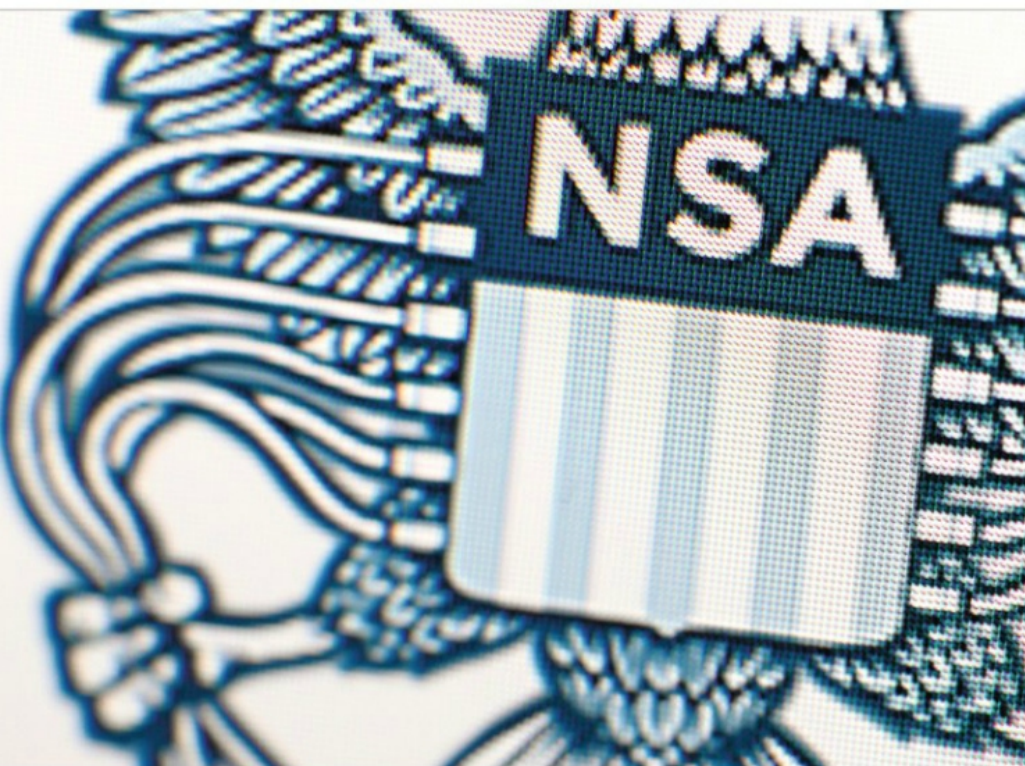
Listen, do you want to know a secret?" the Beatles asked back in 1963, adding, "Do you promise not to tell?" The Beatles were reminding us in a love song what we've known since kindergarten: It's all but impossible to keep a secret, whether it's about an illicit love affair, domestic spying, or a clandestine war. Breaking a promise not to tell a secret is human nature. In today's technologically interconnected globe, we must be prepared for any revelation to whip around the world via Twitter as soon as we speak it, and/or to end up in a dossier with our name on it stashed by some private company or government agency.

Since spewing secrets is human nature, it should come as no surprise that those we trust with our national security are no better than our friends and neighbors at keeping them, even their own. Just take a look at the all-but-unbelievable recent story of David Petraeus and his brief tenure as CIA director. The retired superstar general resigned as the nation's spying chief after his extramarital affair was revealed. And if our top spook can't figure out how to keep his mistress a secret, why should we trust the CIA's discretion as it practices its dark arts worldwide and at home?

That same calculus works for the NSA. Why should we express faith in that bloated government behemoth (even its budget remains "top secret") to protect us if it failed to protect itself from the easy access Edward Snowden enjoyed to secrets supposedly well above his pay grade? Ditto the military. WikiLeaks was able to disclose the so-called private (and often diplomatically compromising) cables our ambassadors around the world sent back to Washington because Bradley Manning (an Army private!) collected supposedly classified documents with just a few skillful taps on his computer keyboard.

Such is life in our wired world: Those charged with protecting us cannot protect themselves. Why even debate national security versus personal privacy, as if we can aspire to either or both? The reality is, we





enjoy 100 percent of neither, and that might be as good as it gets.

Back in the 1960s and 1970s, in the revolutionary days of the civil rights movement and while the Vietnam War was raging, my reporter colleagues and I always assumed our mail was being opened and our telephones tapped. We adjusted our writing and speech accordingly, saving our attempts at keeping secrets for personal meetings, or communicating carefully using oblique codes. We weren't just paranoid. J. Edgar Hoover, we later learned, was at the time running his supposedly



clandestine COINTELPRO operation, not just illegally spying on Americans, but using FBI operatives as agents provocateurs.

It seems unlikely that those from whom we think our government is keeping big secrets are unaware of what's happening. A rare exception may be Angela Merkel. The German chancellor apparently was caught completely off guard when informed that the NSA had been tapping her phone. (Even President Obama claimed he didn't know that his own agency had been bugging her in Berlin.) But think back to Richard Nixon and Henry Kissinger's supposed secret bombing of Cambodia. With B-52s pounding their villages, did anybody in Washington

really think the Cambodians weren't in on the secret—or that they wouldn't be the first to tell the rest of the world the news?

Business is as adept as government when it comes to invading our lives. When the friendly checkout clerk asks, "Do you have a Safeway Club card?" it's not just a simple courtesy designed to save you a few bucks. When the card's bar code is waved over the reader, the contents of your shopping cart are recorded. Why? For Safeway to gather data that helps it refine its merchandising, of course, and so the store can focus advertising and special offers to your specific buying habits. But who else can learn what you're buying? Could what's in your bags of groceries, when combined with other bits of information about you, be interpreted in some bizarre fashion unrelated to reality and used against you?

Department stores such as Nordstrom use video cameras and other tracking devices to follow people through their stores. They track us via the locator signals emitted by our so-called smartphones—and now we know that the companies that charge us for that phone service give up all sorts of personal information (where we go, who we call) to the NSA. Of course, those department stores also want to better focus their marketing efforts. But any time we're in what we may think of as a public space, we're being watched; just as we must presume we're being watched by businesses' closed-circuit TVs, traffic cams, and other public cameras whenever we walk out our front door—not to mention kept track of by tagging software whenever we're connected to the internet, even in the supposed privacy of our own homes.

As a foreign correspondent during the seventies, working in some of the most repressive societies in the world (East Germany, for example), I became accustomed to self-censoring what I said and what I did. The apartment I shared with other journalists on the Arbat in Moscow during the transition period from the Soviet Union to the post-Communist era was equipped with an ominous warning sign on the handset of the telephone: SPEAK ONLY ABOUT THE WEATHER. It reminded us that we were

not alone. That's a message we ought to consider for the wallpaper of our smartphones.


Whatever we say into our mobile phones, we should expect to see as a newspaper headline in the morning (or minutes later on Twitter) if it's newsworthy or even just amusing. We must assume our email is purloined along its path to our correspondents. Heck, we should assume that our sweet nothings whispered over drinks in a dark barroom are being recorded for a scandal sheet by the bartender.

"Personal privacy" remains a concept many of us likely consider a right in a supposedly free society, but that privacy may only be a pos-

sibility if we keep ourselves far off the digital grid: no iPhone, no Twitter, no email, no web surfing, no Skype, no Facebook. But that's not all: no grocery stores, no shopping centers, no banks, no downtown intersections. And of course no airplane flights.

"America's capabilities are unique," President Obama acknowledged, after being forced by Snowden's leaks to address the blanket spying he opposed as a candidate and embraced once elected. "The power of new technologies means that there are fewer ... constraints on what we can do. That places a special obligation on us to ask tough questions about what we should do." Elegant language, but meaningless when the supposed oversight of that spying takes place in front of

judges in a secret court that's free of adversaries pleading the case against the government.

World War II propaganda posters read LOOSE LIPS SINK SHIPS, but maybe an easier tactic than looking over our shoulders, worrying about who's listening and who's after us, is to give up on any expectation of privacy. 

Author and broadcaster Peter Laufer is the James Wallace Chair in Journalism at the University of Oregon. His latest books are *Slow News: A Manifesto for the Critical News Consumer* and *Organic: A Journalist's Quest to Discover the Truth Behind Food Labeling*.

History Lesson

We dug into our archives for a look back at an investigative report on government spying and privacy concerns from 1975.



The NSA was founded in 1952, way before smartphone cameras, email, text messaging, internet searches, traffic cams, GPS tracking, and all those other modern ways to invade people's privacy. Back in the seventies, reporter Tad Szulc and other journalists did a number of articles for *Penthouse* on the intelligence community, including the NSA. The article in the July 1975 issue was called "The Spy Among Us," and was introduced thusly: "The constitutional right of all citizens to be secure in their houses is violated every day by the strange bureaucrats of the intelligence community."

Szulc's concluding paragraphs offer a terrifying view of how much the more things change, the more they stay the same.

"It seems as if every government agency has been involved in some form of spying on Americans. Thus the CIA, with the cooperation of postal officials, has been intercepting, reading, and copying since 1953 uncounted thousands of first-class letters written by Americans to addresses in the Soviet Union.... So frantic was this mail reading that the CIA developed, at great cost, a special machine to unseal and reseal envelopes of every conceivable size in a matter of seconds.

"During 1974 the U.S. Postal Service surveilled and recorded the origins of all mail received by nearly 4,500 Americans. The CIA was no longer requesting such mail covers last year, but the Postal Service was acting on the behalf of the Naval Intelligence Service; the Army Intelligence Command; the Air Force Special Command; the Air Force Special Investigations Office; the Interstate Commerce Commission; the Commerce Department; the Health, Education, and Welfare Department; the Agriculture Department; the IRS; the FBI; the Postal Inspection Service; the Drug Enforcement Administration; the Secret Service; the Coast Guard; the Interior Department; the Labor Department; the Justice Department; the Immigration and Naturalization

Service; Customs; the Royal Canadian Mounted Police; and a vast number of local police departments and tax offices.

"The Internal Revenue Service, through its special service staff, was also involved in domestic espionage. A congressional investigation established that the IRS had 11,458 files on individuals and organizations ... for reasons that clearly had nothing to do with tax collection....

"The National Security Agency ... is currently continuing to monitor all overseas telephone calls and cables....


"There could be an endless list of the intrusions of our government into our private lives.... Spying and covert activity is now an official government pastime in the United States. Can the president or Congress arrest this trend toward an American police state? The answer is vital in determining the kind of society in which we will live."

Szulc's article was so inflammatory at the time that it was mentioned in this discussion among President Gerald Ford, Secretary of State Henry Kissinger, and National Security Adviser Brent Scowcroft, as detailed in this excerpt of Scowcroft's notes, currently held by the Gerald R. Ford Presidential Library.

Kissinger: On this intelligence business, I want you to know I think I cannot tolerate junior people testifying on policy issues. Nor am I willing to follow [CIA Director William] Colby's precedent of letting them paw through cables. Then there is this NSA staff coming out. [He gave a couple of examples from Nicholas Horrock's article in *The New York Times*.]

President: Can't we prosecute?

Scowcroft: Yes. I am suggesting we look into that. There is a more damaging article by Tad Szulc in *Penthouse*.

Kissinger: It is disastrous. We have no secrets left. 

Bitcoin Basics

Since last fall, the peer-to-peer currency known as Bitcoin—which proponents think can keep transactions private—has been making headlines. We break down what the fuss is all about, as much as we can with the ever-changing story.

By Robin Postell

WHAT IS BITCOIN?

There's no easy way to define Bitcoin, at least not yet (and maybe never). In a nutshell, it's a virtually rendered system that proponents say is much like cold, hard cash or sit-there-and-look-pretty gold. But whereas cash and gold are dependent on consensus of worth to set their value, the value of Bitcoins is not pegged to anything concrete. The Bitcoins one person holds are worth, essentially, whatever someone else will pay or trade for them. It's a return to a barter system, of sorts. That transactional flexibility is part of their appeal for many, and—along with the fact that those transactions currently are unregulated—is why Bitcoin has earned a reputation as a go-to payment choice for anyone who's selling illegal goods (and part of why the government is so intent on ensuring that Bitcoin transactions don't stay unregulated). What makes the Bitcoin experiment seem worthwhile is the fact that the eight digits to the right of the decimal point (as opposed to the dollar's two) allow Bitcoin to be used for micropayments, something that would enable poverty-stricken residents of Third World countries to participate fully in the global economy (assuming they have electricity and internet access, of course).

All of this yields some basic

questions: Is Bitcoin real money? Can it be used to pay bills, or be relied upon in the daily grind of eking out a living or a future?

"It is a currency and a payment system in one, on a peer-to-peer network manned by 'miners' all around the world, using an open-source protocol," explains Roger "Bitcoin Jesus" Ver, which doesn't really answer those questions. In practical terms, sure, you can use Bitcoin to pay, say, your rent, if your landlord agrees to accept it and the two of you can agree on how much the payment is in Bitcoins. (So, no, you can't use it to pay your rent. You probably can use it to buy weed, though, if you're so inclined.) To put Ver's explanation in plainer terms, Bitcoins are designed to re-create the banking system, empowering the individual to transact privately with another party without the overlord aspect of a banking third party and the resultant fees on transactions.

THE BACKSTORY

In order to even try to begin understanding what Bitcoins are, you have to look at the cypherpunk movement that took shape in the early 1990s, back when the World Wide Web was brand-spanking-new. The computer scientists who comprised the cypherpunk movement began trying to figure out ways to create electronic money as a logical component to the growing last frontier of real





"A Cypherpunk Manifesto"
author Eric Hughes

liberties. John Gilmore, Timothy C. May, and Eric Hughes best fit the bill of Bitcoin's "founding fathers." Gilmore was an early employee of Sun Microsystems, Inc., who became independently wealthy once Oracle paid billions for the company; May was an electrical engineer and senior scientist at Intel, and author of "The Cyphernomicon"; and Hughes was a mathematician at the University of California at Berkeley and publisher of "A Cypherpunk Manifesto." Their musings in the late eighties and early

nineties on the Cypherpunk Mailing List, an early chat room, gave rise to Bitcoin's precise streamlined protocol, which through trial-and-error succeeded where prior attempts at digital currencies had failed.

A later version of the Cypherpunk Mailing List, the Cryptography Mailing List, is where Bitcoin's creator, Satoshi Nakamoto, presented his white paper on Bitcoin in the fall of 2008, shortly after the domain Bitcoin.org was registered on August 18. On January 3, 2009, Nakamoto launched the software "mining" the first 50 Bitcoins in the now-famed "genesis block," in whose binary data was this cleverly embedded quote from the *Financial Times*: "The Times 03/Jan/2009 Chancellor on brink of second bailout for banks."

Nakamoto's identity has been carefully obscured since the beginning, and no trace of a man by that name exists prior to the launch of Bitcoin. Email communications from a pseudonymous mail system were carried out with the Cryptography peer group until mid-2010, when the list received a final message announcing Nakamoto was moving

on to other things. Nakamoto was described on a mailing-list profile as a 37-year-old mathematician who had been working on the Bitcoin protocol for years, but it is widely accepted now that Satoshi Nakamoto is not a real man. The won't-go-away mystery of Nakamoto's identity is part of what drives Bitcoin. People who yearn for discretion—in themselves and in others—are thrilled by the phantom presence of a genius coder whose face remains forever obscured in the shadows.

THE CURRENT-EVENTS TIME LINE

September 2012: Earnest Bitcoiners set up the Bitcoin Foundation, officially announced as a bona fide Bitcoin facilitator. The five-man board of directors includes Jon Matonis from *Forbes*—who also has a banking background with Visa and VeriSign—investor Roger Ver; Mt. Gox CEO Mark Karpeles; and executive director Peter Vessenes, acting CEO of CoinLab, the American liaison of Mt. Gox (see "The Players"). The foundation's intention was to act as an adjustment bureau, with

The fate of the Mt. Gox sums that were seized is anyone's guess, and will be one of the milestones of Bitcoin's evolution.



Mark Karpeles

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (PREVIOUS PAGE AND BOTTOM) BLOOMBERG/GETTY IMAGES

its members able to educate and provide outreach to those in the outermost regions of the globe. The idea was that heavily censored foreign countries with citizens cut off from the rest of the world could find an unprecedented salvation in the uncontrolled Bitcoin, and be able to use the universal language of math to connect within a network that could grow and prosper.

May 15, 2013: The Department of Homeland Security (DHS) seized the Tokyo-based international Bitcoin trading platform Mt. Gox, the biggest in the digi-bucks biz, shoving the virtually rendered system of digital currency into the limelight. The virtual wallets of millions of people were frozen. And while other Bitcoin exchanges existed, Mt. Gox had been the leader, and the most resistant to the hacking and theft that had shut down many of the others. When it had looked like Bitcoin was going to slip past the governmental watchdogs and make a run for it, said watchdogs started barking and closed in.

The DHS seized the Wells Fargo account where Mt. Gox CEO Mark Karpeles had set up accounts for U.S. customers using his trading platform because he'd failed to check the box on the application stating the business would be dealing with the transmission of money. The Financial Crimes Enforcement Network (FinCEN) was the first finger of government regulation to reach out for Bitcoin. FinCEN, having laid out guidelines for those handling transactions related to virtual currencies in March 2013, when the price of Bitcoins began to rise wildly, had created a perfect regulatory ligature that could be pulled tight when needed. Bitcoin, in and of itself, FinCEN determined, wasn't illegal, but the fees for transactions in relation to them would be costly.

That's one of the big differences with Bitcoin: It can't be confiscated the same way money can. Mt. Gox and its customers did lose money, however. The May bust was followed by a June seizure, and another in August. At press time, the DHS had frozen more than \$5 million in customer funds and Mt. Gox commissions. The fate of these sums is anyone's guess, and will be one of the milestones of Bitcoin's evolution and its relationship to governmental regulatory control.

May 17 to 19, 2013: Bitcoin 2013,

a three-day event in San Jose, California, made possible by the auspices of the Bitcoin Foundation, brings together a thousand-strong crowd of enthusiasts, developers, CEOs, venture capitalists, and members of the media to listen to the key players talk shop and rub shoulders.

September 2013: Passion VIP escort service in Birmingham, England, added Bitcoin to its online prepayment menu. Advantages cited in one news article included avoiding a suspicious transaction on a credit-card bill, a safer transfer of funds for both escort and client, and that it would make it difficult for police to prove that payment was made in exchange for sex.

October 2013: The FBI shut down Silk Road, a Darknet virtual black market where kilos of narcotics, forged documents, and computer-hacking tools could be purchased—exclusively with Bitcoin since January 2011. The black-market bazaar had, during its nearly three-year run, netted more than a billion dollars, and listed nearly 13,000 items for sale when it was shut down. The FBI seized 144,000 Bitcoins (worth roughly \$30 million at the time), along with another address holding another 26,000 Bitcoins, from the laptop belonging to 29-year-old Austin native Ross William Ulbricht—alleged in the criminal complaint to be Silk Road's infamous leader, Dread Pirate Roberts—but

as of press time the agency had not accessed or traded in those Bitcoins for dollars. And since the Bitcoin "blockchain" is a publicly accessible ledger of all Bitcoin transactions ever made, anyone can keep an eye on the FBI's Silk Road-seized wallet on Blockchain.org; it's one of the largest Bitcoin wallets in existence.

November 2013: After the hue and cry of shutting down Silk Road, including the placement of an FBI banner claiming its seizure of the "hidden" site and taking into custody the alleged mastermind, Silk Road 2.0 came to life, with Dread Pirate Roberts—either a new version or the original—back at its helm, taunting the FBI with bold political rhetoric about free markets in a free world.

● Subway franchise owner Sapan Shah begins accepting Bitcoin at his Allentown, Pennsylvania, sandwich shop.

January 2014: Overstock.com becomes the first major online retailer to accept Bitcoin as a form of payment.

● Josh Harvey debuts the first Bitcoin dispenser, which is similar to an ATM, at the Consumer Electronics Show. He hopes to install it in a Manhattan tea shop, once state regulators and the Department of Financial Services set up rules.

● The Sacramento Kings begin accepting Bitcoin in team retail stores, and say they'll begin accepting it for ticket sales in March.



● The Golden Gate and D Las Vegas casinos announce plans to begin accepting Bitcoin for payments at the front desk and in hotel restaurants and stores.

● Charlie Shrem, the CEO of BitInstant, the Bitcoin exchange that's backed by the Winklevoss twins and vice chairman of the Bitcoin Foundation, is arrested on charges of money laundering.

OUR MAIN PLAYERS

Mark Karpeles

Mt. Gox and its CEO, Karpeles, ended up in the hot seat to the tune of \$75 million when its U.S. liaison, CoinLab, and its acting CEO, Peter Vessenes, picked up stakes at the company's stateside headquarters, which it had been sharing with CoinLab in an effort to transition North American clientele to CoinLab (see Mt. Gox item in time line).

Jon Matonis

Forbes' Matonis, who also has a banking background with Visa and VeriSign, contacted our reporter via Hushmail, and illustrated the multitudinous dimensions of Bitcoin's cast of characters. Matonis, for instance, an illustrious and prolific writer, and editor of the Monetary Future blog (a swank economist hub), has a dashing savoir faire that's rarely combined with the brainiac depths of a math-club tech geek. "Satoshi emailed me out of the blue in early 2010," Matonis begins. "He asked me to take a look at his paper and architecture. He'd been mining himself for over a year—I wish he had told me to buy because BTC was only a few cents then. Then he vanished—poof!"

"The strategy of the bland Bitcoin promoters is to keep it scientific (not political), which I think is ridiculous because it doesn't fool anyone," Matonis wrote. "It's not like the regulators are going to say, 'Well, this Bitcoin stuff seems harmless enough. I don't think it has any political ramifications for the health of the nation-state.'" Matonis's spin is the inherent natural right of financial privacy, "just like we have with paper cash today." He adds, "Don't take that away from me. I believe that to make Bitcoin palatable for the masses, you have to demonstrate the value of a monetary illusion outside of the control of the overlords. It's a simple enough premise."

I BELIEVE IN HONEST MONEY GOLD, SILVER, AND BITCOIN

Roger Ver

Investor Roger Ver, 34, has interests in numerous Bitcoin-related startups, and he's known as Bitcoin Jesus. (According to Ver, one day he was surrounded by a flock of high schoolers who eagerly hung on his words as he showed them how to set up their smartphone wallets—and issued each of them a dollar's worth of Bitcoin to get them started. "Somebody said I looked like Jesus surrounded like that, and it stuck," he says with a shrug.)

Ver, who grew up in the same Silicon Valley where he now has a huge Bitcoin billboard, recalls making a killing using Rice Krispies treats as a form of fiat currency, selling to his friends. Ver moved onto Beanie Babies, and to Magic: The Gathering card collecting—which, coincidentally, transmogrified with the advent of Bitcoin into the Mt. Gox Bitcoin trading platform. He has the affliction of a felony conviction that cost him ten months of freedom back in 2002 and 2003; he was convicted on charges involving the sales of fireworks used by farmers to scare off critters in their fields, a product sold in Cabelas catalogs. Ver believes this assault on his civil liberties was a consequence of his unfiltered discourse during a debate when he was a 20-year-old Libertarian candidate for the California State Assembly back in 2000. He delivered a thorough verbal dressing-down of the ATF and how it had been responsible for the deaths of David Koresh's followers at the Waco, Texas, compound. Ver claims ATF agents were in the crowd and took offense, then set out to defame him. With only the fireworks to work with, he was painted as a Timothy McVeigh wannabe, or gonnabe. Ver vowed to flee the country as soon as he was



Peter Vessenes



The Winklevoss twins



out of jail and done with three years' probation; he flew to Tokyo the day of his probation's termination and remained there while building the business he'd begun while a student, Memory Dealers.

Ver answers all my queries with the matter-of-fact bluntness of a robot, until he talks about Bitcoin: the principles, the possibilities. Then he glows. The Bitcoin world would not be the same without him, even if the original hub, Bitcoin.org, has removed him as a potential interviewee to rep Bitcoin in the press. Ver assures me he could care less about that. "Bitcoin is the most important invention since the internet," he declares with enthusiasm. "The internet changed the world, giving everyone equal access to information. Bitcoin is going to do the same thing to finances. Now anyone will be able to do business with anyone else, anywhere in the world, free from the arbitrary control of dictators and petty politicians."

Peter Vessenes

Bitcoin Foundation and original executive director Vessenes was Acting CEO of Mt. Gox's American liaison CoinLabs when Mt. Gox was seized by the Department of Homeland Security. A couple of days later, at Bitcoin 2013, he announced that he was stepping down as the foundation's executive director, saying he was "busy." He also said at the time that the foundation would be hiring a lobbyist to tackle Capitol Hill and engage in open, civil conversations with regulators, domestic and foreign.

The Winklevoss Twins

Identical twins Cameron and Tyler Winklevoss of Facebook fame delivered the keynote speech at Bitcoin 2013, putting a shiny, happy face on Bitcoin's renegade perception. They dove headfirst into Bitcoin, along with countless other deep-pocket money men who've turned those pockets inside out investing in startups from coast to coast, not to mention international chapters popping up on every continent except Antarctica.

Unfortunately, a couple of weeks before this issue went to press, Charlie Shrem, the CEO of BitInstant, the Bitcoin exchange that's backed by the Winklevoss twins, was arrested on charges of money laundering. **A—**



EXPLAINING THE NUTS AND BOLTS

● The total number of Bitcoins that will ever be mined is 21 million, and more than half of those are already in circulation. Worth mere cents at the onset in 2009, they have risen slowly.

● The last Bitcoin will be issued in 2040.

● Bitcoin "miner" and go-to blogger (CodingInMySleep.com) David Perry explains the term "Bitcoin mining": "Imagine you're inventing a new kind of currency but you don't want there to be any central authority. There are two big problems you run into that are traditionally solved by a central authority: timestamps and issuance. How would you decide which transaction was first? The simple answer is in a big peer-to-peer network like Bitcoin is for each member of the network to accept the first transaction it sees, and take a vote of sorts, and whichever transaction was seen first by the majority of the network wins. There's a little more to it than that, but mining is essentially the voting mechanism by which the network reaches a consensus without requiring a central authority. Mining is absolutely essential to Bitcoin longevity. A problem conceivably could arise from the mutiny of miners, for without them, Bitcoins cannot be decentralized."



PYTHON-ESQUE BANTER

During a May 2013 Fox Business segment, Liz Claman asked Bill Gates and Berkshire Hathaway's Charlie Munger and Warren Buffett about Bitcoins; who knew those guys could come off like a Monty Python skit?

Liz Claman: We need to talk about Bitcoin in a minute. I can't wait to hear what Charlie Munger has to say about this. Let's bring in Charlie Munger, the vice chair of Berkshire Hathaway. Bill's gonna move over so you can come sit in. Good morning, Charlie.

Charlie Munger: Good morning.

Liz Claman: I just had to get your thought on Bitcoin, this ... this ... this digital currency that's out there that people say, "Oh, it might be the next big thing." What do you think?

Charlie Munger: I think it's rat poison.

Warren Buffett: Put him down as undecided.

Liz Claman: Do you understand what they're trying to do with it?

Charlie Munger: No, but I regard it as deeply flaky.

Liz Claman: Deeply flaky, okay.

Bitcoin, Bill, what do you think?

Bill Gates: I think it's a technical tour de force, but that's an area where governments are going to maintain a dominant role.

Liz Claman: Warren?

Warren Buffett: I think either Charlie or Bill is right.

MARCH MADNESS “WHAT-IF?”

If you put NBA superstar LeBron James on the 68th team in the NCAA tourney, would they win the title? We asked a bunch of pundits.

By John Bolster • Illustration by Mark Poutenis

LeBron James never played college basketball. In 2003, as an 18-year-old man-child, he jumped from St. Vincent-St. Mary High School in Akron, Ohio, to the NBA. Since then he has been building his case to be one of the best—if not *the* best—basketball players of all time. He’s appeared in four NBA Finals series (winning two), he’s been named MVP of the league four times, of the Finals twice, and he’s a ten-time All-Star.

At six foot eight, 250 pounds, he possesses a set of qualities that are, by and large, unprecedented: There’s never been a player with his combination of size, strength, speed, quickness, agility,

and basketball skills. He frequently dominates NBA games, and all of the above-mentioned achievements should come with an “and counting” qualifier, because he’s only 29 and has plenty of basketball ahead of him.

But what if LBJ *did* play college basketball, just for one tournament? What if you put James—the current NBA superstar James—on the roster of the lowest seed in the 2014 NCAA tournament, which tips off this month? Would they win the championship?

Here’s what our panel said:

Peter Schrager, senior writer, FOX Sports.com; national sports correspondent for FOX News Channel’s FOX Report Weekend. He cowrote Victor Cruz’s best-selling memoir *Out of the Blue*:

“Put LeBron on a *high school* team with a competent coach and point guard and they’ve got a shot against any college team. No. 16 seeds are closing the gap between themselves and No. 1 seeds now, so the difference isn’t what it used to be. Think Davidson College with Stephen Curry in 2008. They made it to the brink of the Final Four. Curry had a much better supporting cast than LeBron

would have on the 68th-ranked team, but obviously LeBron James today is much more dominant than a college version of Stephen Curry. As a 68th-ranked team, James’s squad would be in a play-in game and then they’d meet the overall No. 1 seed. If they could get past that team, they would be able to sail all the way to the Elite 8. Hell, if I’m filling out a bracket, I’m rolling the dice on the King.”

Bomani Jones, cohost of *Highly Questionable* with Dan Le Batard on ESPN2; regular panelist on ESPN’s *Around the Horn*:

“No chance. Because James would, at some point, have to give the other guys on his team the ball, and they’ll

barely be able to dribble. They’d lose to a No. 1 seed.”

Will Leitch, founding editor of Deadspin.com; contributing editor of *New York* magazine; and a senior writer for SportsOnEarth.com:

“I’d like to imagine the team he gets placed on as Akron: It’s one last favor he does for his home city—and a sort of make-up gesture to Cavaliers fans. They’d be a Final Four team, at least. We’ve seen LeBron have quarters where he just dominates NBA players: Put him against skinny teenagers, and it’s just being cruel. Also, don’t forget, college basketball games are shorter:



Jason McIntyre, cofounder and editor in chief of TheBigLead.com:


"As a 16 seed, they'd roll another 16 seed in the play-in game. Could LeBron and four guys beat a No. 1 seed? Definitely not Arizona. I think Kansas will wind up as a No. 1 seed, too, and LeBron couldn't beat them. But sure, I could see LeBron's team throwing a massive scare into Syracuse/Kentucky/Florida/Wichita State and they could probably knock off one or two of them. He's a grown man playing against college guys, some of whom are still in their teens."

Keith Closs, former center for Central Connecticut State University and the NBA's Los Angeles Clippers. The seven-foot-three Closs holds the NCAA Division I career record for blocks per game (5.87):

"They might win two or three games. Not the whole tournament, though. Any school would zone up to slow him down, limiting LeBron and ultimately forcing his teammates to beat them. Which they wouldn't be able to do in the later rounds."

Jeff Pearlman, columnist for SI.com; author of *Sweetness: The Enigmatic Life of Walter Payton* and the *New York Times* best-sellers *Boys Will Be Boys* and *The Bad Guys Won!*:

"LeBron James plus last year's North Carolina A&T basketball team wins the NCAA tournament—easily. Hell, LeBron James plus the North Carolina branch of AT&T's rec league basketball team might win the NCAA tournament. I'm not joking. LeBron James is a six-foot-eight, 250-pound tank of a man who, were he thrown into the college game, would average, oh, 60 points, 30 rebounds, and 5 blocks per game. He could cure Dengue fever, perfect the Moonwalk, reincarnate Tupac, and host *Good Morning America*—while running his team's offense and dominating on defense. Against the college game's teenage point guards, comparatively slow-footed two-guards, and centers frequently built like Q-tips, James would have his way over and over and over again."

There you have it: Two say no way, two say he'd take his team deep but not to the title, and three say the King would carry his team all the way to the NCAA throne. Try this proposition out at your local sports bar and see what kind of responses you get. 

He could play the full 40 minutes without too much trouble at all. The only team that might give him trouble would be Kansas, just because they've got two potential NBA stars in their lineup—in Andrew Wiggins and seven-footer Joel Embiid—but I think it wouldn't be enough. The Akron Zips, 2013-14 national champions. (*Shhh: Don't tell the NCAA they paid him under the table.*)"

ACC assistant basketball coach, who wishes to remain anonymous:

"I think LeBron might have the same

effect on a team this season that Larry Bird had in 1979 [with Indiana State, which he carried to the NCAA Final, losing to Magic Johnson's Michigan State]. Would they win the whole thing? Not sure on that, but he certainly could take a team deep. You also can't discount adding the best player on the planet to a team that already has probably won their league or conference tourney and learned how to win."

BETTING MAN

High-rolling, high-energy betting consultant Steve Stevens is the heart (and the mouth) of CNBC's controversial new reality show *Money Talks*. Behind the scenes, he's Darin Notaro, a Las Vegas-bred family guy with a checkered past, whip-smart business sense, and a wealth of internet haters.

By Kara Wahlgren



Darin Notaro is a fast talker. That's not to say he's a swindler; he literally talks at a rapid-fire pace, like someone who just chugged six Red Bulls. But that frenetic energy actually belies a restrained betting philosophy. While his competitors throw money at several games a day, Notaro zeroes in on what he knows best and rarely wagers on more than a handful of games each week. He credits that disciplined strategy with his sky-high hit rate—consistently higher than 60 percent, with the occasional week of 80 percent accuracy.

Some have called that an *unbelievably* high hit rate. When the first trailer for *Money Talks* hit the web last year, it caused an onslaught of vitriol from sports-betting bloggers who declared Steve Stevens a fraud. They'd never heard of him. They said his hit rate was inflated—like, trillion-to-one-odds inflated. They claimed that Steve Stevens might actually be—spoiler alert!—an ex-con named Darin Notaro, who once spent time in federal prison for a lottery scam targeting seniors.

Notaro shrugs off the noise. "Everybody knows I'm Darin Notaro," he says. "It's not even a secret. Steve Stevens is my persona when I'm at work. That's the name I'm licensed to sell under in the state of Nevada. It's like Superman—when I go to work, I get into the phone booth and I turn into Steve Stevens." As for those who say he's more scam artist than superhero, Notaro says, "Anybody that's blogging, that said anything bad about me—that's guys in my industry who are jealous as hell of what I've accomplished, and these people want to be me."

Suffice to say, Notaro doesn't pull many punches—hell, he brought up his prison stint before we did—and he opened up about his new show, what his past taught him, and how he turned his love of gambling into a lucrative career, bringing the billion-dollar sports-betting world into the limelight.

For those who aren't familiar with the industry, what exactly is a sports-betting consultant?

I'm no different from a stockbroker. I'm selling information; I'm selling tips; I'm telling you who to bet on. I'm not a bookie; I'm a bookie killer. My job is to show people the formula for success, how to bet the right way, with money management and discipline.

How did you get started in that?

Man, I've been picking games and betting parlays out here in Las Vegas since I was 12 years old. But my first job was telemarketing. I was a real good salesman, but the company I worked for ended up getting shut down by the police. Due to the fact that I was one of the salesmen, I ended up getting in a little bit of trouble with the law. A year in jail is a lot of time to reflect. I realized I'm not a bad person—I was just in the wrong

business. So I took my focus as a salesman and my love for gambling, and put the two together, and I've been making people money ever since.

Is that when you started VIP Sports?

Correct. I've been doing it for 18 years. I had a passion for sports betting way before that, and I was real good at it. I guess you could consider me the Sam Rothstein of *Casino*, the new Lefty Rosenthal. I'm my own source. I win games. Call it lucky, call it what you want—just don't call me a loser, and definitely don't call me broke.

What's the difference between Darin Notaro and Steve Stevens?

Steve Stevens makes the money; Darin Notaro spends it. Darin Notaro loves his family, loves his girlfriend, loves to come home and eat a home-cooked meal with his family, watch a little TV, swim in the pool, hang out, and relax. Steve Stevens is a high-strung businessman who comes into the office, motivates his salesmen, and gives it 110 percent during work.... I just turn into this beast.

Speaking of family, you just had a baby in October. What has the adjustment been like?

It's absolutely changed and saved my life. It puts everything in perspective. At my age [Notaro is 40], being born and raised in Vegas, I'm kind of burnt out on going out anyway. So now I've got something else to live for. It's not all about me anymore; it's all about him. I come to work for him now, not just me. I'm not selfish too much anymore.

Will your son be on the show?

Of course! Dom is actually born on the first episode. You get to take a guy who you see as rough and hardcore drop a tear in his first episode. Man, it was the best day of my life.

What else can we expect?

It's going to take you into the world of sports betting and show you that there's somebody out there who can actually do it the right way. You're going to see the highest of the highs; you're going to see the lowest of the lows. I'll give you an example: A guy bets \$30,000, we go to a bar, I take him out to dinner, and I'm sitting right next to him when he loses. It's not



a comfortable situation when you meet a client and he loses that type of money, if you know what I mean. On the same token, you get to see the highest of highs—you see a guy bet \$20,000 and win.

How do you deal when someone bets a ton of money and loses?

As long as you win more than you lose, it's all about money management and discipline—one game a day, betting the same amount of money on every game. That's pretty much the key to success in this. When you lose, that comes with the territory.

Are there any misconceptions about your job that the show will clear up?

What I'm going to teach America is the difference between a bookie and a sports consultant. I want to make that very clear. I don't take your money; I'm the one who tells you who to bet on. A lot of people consider me a bookie because they don't know what I am.

How close to reality do you expect the show to be?

The show is 110 percent reality. There's no faking wins when you really lose. It's a day-to-day operation, and what you see is what you get. I'm putting the "real" back in reality. This isn't the scripted, fake BS you see everywhere else.

Floyd Mayweather is a friend of yours, and the production team behind his *30 Days in May* special is working on your show. Did Floyd give you any advice for being on-camera 24/7?

Yeah, he said, "You're a star; you're definitely going to shine. Be yourself, and everything else will come your way. Don't let that negative press hold you down." And I don't. These guys that were blogging, talking shit about me—they're the same guys who have a website that has a picture of them sitting in front of the Las Vegas Strip, talking about their 70 percent, and these guys live in fraud? I'm born and raised in Vegas. I'm actually doing what these guys say they do. I'm giving this industry an adrenaline shot.


What's your success rate?

I hit between 60 to 68 percent all year. But this business isn't about percentage; this business is all about net profit. Let's say I give you three games: I give you one for \$5,000 that loses, another for \$5,000 that loses, and another for \$20,000 that wins. So your record was one win and two losses. That's, what, 33 percent? But you still made \$10,000. So it's all about net profit and money management. It's all about betting less games for more money. I play one game a day, four or five games a week. People in my industry play three games a day, 21 games a week—and 9 out of 10 times, they lose their bankroll. If you don't have money management and discipline, you can't continue.

What advice would you give someone who's never bet outside an office pool?

I would show them how to take \$1,000 and break that down, betting \$300 a game. Take it slow and build a bankroll. I would show them the discipline of playing one game a day, and not every day.

Anything else we need to know about the show?

I'm going to put a smile on people's faces so wide they could eat a banana sideways. You're in for one of the most exciting characters you've ever seen. CNBC toned me down big-time, and you're still going to see a lot of excitement. People can see Las Vegas through somebody who's actually born and raised here, instead of three Playmates at the Palms drinking liquor and having sex with each other. No one wants to see that shit anymore. You're going to see it from my eyes, and I hope everyone enjoys it. 

How to Win Your Bracket

Ready to clean the floor with your coworkers? Darin—er, Steve—shares his best tips.


1 Start with the obvious.

"The first week or two, when the March Madness brackets come out, you get No. 1 teams playing, like, the worst team in the division. So you would definitely pay attention to who the ranked teams are, and who has a 30-point spread, because you're just looking for an outright win. The first two or three weeks are pretty easy, based on that."

2 Focus on the spread.

"If you watch one stat, watch the one that says 'against the spread.' When you see two teams match up, what is the record against the spread? If Arizona is playing Syracuse, and they're both five wins and one loss, but Arizona is 6-0 against the spread, and Syracuse is 3-3 against the spread, Arizona has the advantage. If you have a ten-point favorite, they may not cover the spread, but you're going to get a win."

3 When you can, wait until the last minute.

"I'll do a lot of my research tonight for tomorrow, but I won't put anything in stone until I wake up the next day and see what's going on based on weather, line changes, or injuries. You know as well as I do that overnight, you can have three players for murder, three guys for DUI. Never bet on a team the day before, because there's a lot that can happen overnight." 



Diet COLA



Military retirees face cuts to cost-of-living adjustments as the Department of Defense looks to tighten its purse strings. But let's not put the weight of balancing the budget on the backs of our veterans.

By Jennifer Peters

The Budget Control Act of 2013 angered veterans and their advocates when it included cuts to retirement benefits for working-age vets. Veterans have been the target of budget-cutting initiatives before and often, but they've been hit especially hard in the past few years. From the health-care fee hike in 2011 to the benefits lost during the government shutdown in 2013 to proposed cuts to subsidies paid to military commissaries, military servicemen and -women have seen every aspect of their lives put under the microscope in an effort to trim the fat in the Department of Defense budget.

There are currently around two million military retirees in the United States, and their small number makes them an easy target, says Joe Davis, Director of Public Affairs for Veterans of Foreign Wars, himself a retired veteran. "They have no union representation, and the Pentagon is able to divide loyalties by suggesting that retiree benefits are bleeding ongoing readiness and modernization efforts."

The current plan, signed by Presi-

dent Obama on December 23, 2013, and scheduled to be put into effect in 2015, would cut the cost-of-living adjustment (COLA)—or rate of inflation—by one percentage point each year for military retirees under the age of 62. It is estimated that this could save \$6.3 billion over a ten-year period, while each individual affected could see a loss of up to \$75,000 in benefits over 20 years. Approximately 800,000 retirees would be impacted.

The act provoked the ire of veterans' service organizations when it was revealed that the cuts would impact veterans who had been medically retired. Responding to that outrage, Senator Patty Murray (D-Washington) and Congressman Paul Ryan (R-Wisconsin), who had drafted the bill, claimed the inclusion of disabled vets was an oversight and stated that they would work to exclude those retirees from the cuts.

Both have vowed to amend the law before it goes into effect, saving approximately 100,000 medically retired vets from suffering the same cuts as their healthier peers.

Defense Secretary Chuck Hagel, who supported the growth-rate cuts for working-age retirees, has come out as being in favor of excluding disabled vets from the plan. "Tough decisions will have to be made on compensation," Hagel said at a press briefing in December. "The leadership of DOD is prepared to engage the Congress in achieving compensation reform. But any changes to cost-of-living adjustments should not apply to medically disabled retirees. These retirees need to be exempted from the changes in the budget agreement just passed by Congress."

But veterans' service organizations are hoping new legislation will end the COLA cuts for all retirees. Paul Rieckhoff, founder of Iraq and Afghanistan Veterans of America, says, "Congress is crossing a line in the sand by failing to fully protect veterans' benefits. Veterans nationwide continue to demand that Congress listen to us and repeal cuts to military retirees as quickly as possible."

Supporters of the bipartisan budget act point to the money that can be saved, and emphasize that the cuts are being applied to younger retirees, many of whom continue to work after leaving the military. In addition, budget-reduction advocates argue that the COLA cuts only reduce the lifetime compensation of a retired E-7 (a senior noncommissioned officer) from \$1.8 million to \$1.7 million. What proponents of these cuts aren't thinking about, VFW's Davis says, is the service and sacrifice that servicemen must commit to and the inherently dangerous job they do. It's unfair, he says, for the Pentagon to praise these men and women while in uniform but criticize them as retirees. "It is more than prudent for decision-makers to look elsewhere before requiring those who have sacrificed the most for our nation to sacrifice even more."

IAVA's Rieckhoff was especially disappointed to see the COLA issue receive no mention during the president's State of the Union address on January 28. In a statement released the following day, Rieckhoff said, "Veterans across the country are reeling from the surprise attack to their earned benefits. We need immediate action from the president and Congress to restore the promises

"Congress is crossing a line in the sand by failing to fully protect veterans' benefits."—IAVA's Paul Rieckhoff

our country made to them and their families. Unfortunately, on the critical issue of military retirement benefits, the president was silent."

The COLA reduction doesn't simply harm current and future retirees. Cuts to military pay and benefits send a clear signal that money is more important than the men and women who serve, Davis says, and other veteran leaders agree. "The women and men who have and continue to serve in the military expect this country to honor its commitment by providing the benefits they were promised," said Tom Tarantino, chief policy officer for IAVA, in a statement. "Budgeting is a reflection of our nation's values and priorities—so what does this budget agreement say about our commitment to our veterans and troops, including those still serving in harm's way?"

The fact that the U.S. military remains an all-volunteer force means that cuts to benefits could hurt not only recruitment initiatives, but the retention of active-duty personnel as well. With only 25 percent of 18- to 24-year-olds meeting the military's high aptitude, health, and physical-fitness standards, and less than one percent of the overall population ever serving, the COLA cuts are a public-relations nightmare for the armed

forces. Many of the men and women who are ideal military candidates are also considered potential assets by top universities and private-sector employers. In 2005, the military had to lower entrance requirements and offer sizable enlistment and reenlistment bonuses to attract candidates, but with the DOD's budget under attack, similar financial draws are unlikely in the coming years. Rather, the military will be reliant on other benefits to entice recruits.

"Nobody wants to work for an ungrateful employer in a vocation as inherently dangerous as ours," Davis says. "The impact of these negative personnel decisions will be even more so once the economy rebounds. The troops will have more choices, and many will vote with their feet. The next commandant of the Marine Corps or sergeant major of the Army should be selected because they're the best qualified, not the last man standing."

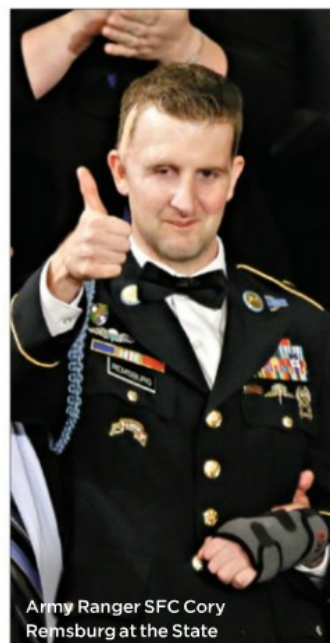
Editor's note: More than a dozen pieces of legislation have been introduced in both houses of Congress since the passage of the Budget Control Act, and it's estimated that these proposals have been backed by a combined one-third of lawmakers, but as of press time, the COLA cuts had not yet been blocked.



VFW's Joe Davis in Somalia in 1993



Secretary of Defense Chuck Hagel

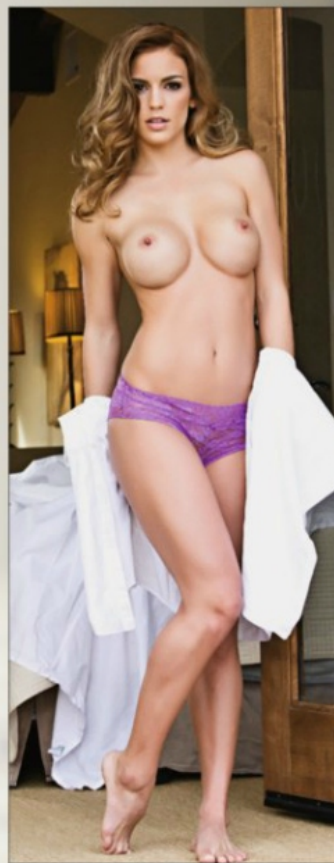


Army Ranger SFC Cory Remsburg at the State of the Union address on January 28, 2014

shirt and skin

Our April Pet of the Month, Ryan Ryans, looks beautiful in *and* out of clothes, and we like her either way, but we vastly prefer her nude—and we're sure you'll concur. As for getting to know her, she tells us, "If someone wants to know what I'm like, I tell them to read about the Pisces sign. It describes me perfectly. For the short version, I'd say I'm easygoing, understanding, spontaneous, and a closet nympho." Yeah, we really like her.

Photographs by Tammy Sands









"I find it easy to get psyched up to do a photo shoot. I usually watch porn or play with a vibrator. That turns me on fast, and definitely gets me in the mood to be sexy."





"While I'm being photographed, I look into the camera as if I'm looking at a guy or girl I'm head over heels attracted to and dying to rip their clothes off."









"The biggest turn-off for me is when a guy talks too much and then doesn't really work for it in bed. There shouldn't be anything half-assed about sex."





RYAN RYANS
APRIL 2014 PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH



"I have sex for a living, which is perfect for me. I'm a sexual person, and I always felt like I had to hide it. Now I know I don't have to!"



OF RYAN RYANS
APRIL 2014 PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH



OH RYAN RYANS
APRIL 2014 PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

nothing's shocking

"I am not a licensed therapist, guru, or magic relationship mender. This is sex and love advice from a guy who has seen both failure and success in the relationship department. I am a little jaded, a little disillusioned, a little sarcastic, yet very honest. Answers may be sincere, absurd, comical, or sometimes flat-out wrong. You'll have to consider the source, I suppose."

By Dave Navarro

■ **I've discovered that dating in your forties is hard. I know you like younger women, but what are some universal things that men find attractive in women of any age?**
Well, one constant theme is, we haven't had sex with you yet. That can be pretty attractive! Seriously, it all depends on what the man is looking for. Let's just assume he's looking for a relationship, as everyone knows that a chick who is down to fuck is always a go. For me, confidence and personal ambition are attractive.

■ **Period-sex etiquette: Is there any? Do I warn a one-night stand? Where do I put the tampon? I once stained someone's couch. How do I avoid that?**
These things can vary. Some women aren't comfortable with period sex, and some men aren't. Me? I'm fine with it. Yes, tell your partner you're having your flow. If he doesn't care, dispose of the tampon and put down a towel first.

■ **What's the best way to tell a guy what you want in bed?**
If you aren't getting what you want in bed, you do need to tell your partner. Best way? Use your words. There is nothing worse than trying as hard as you can to please a partner, putting forth effort and energy and care, and ultimately not accomplishing anything effective. Such phrases as "yeah, like that," "side to side, honey," "harder," "softer," "slower," etc., are



[hot tips] OH

valuable tools. Use them. Otherwise, your poor partner will go on irritating you and exhausting himself in the process, leaving both of you unsatisfied.

■ **Why will some men not give oral pleasure to a woman, but expect to be pleased orally themselves?**
I honestly don't know! I suppose there may be a number of reasons. Some men just don't like it, just as there are some women who don't like going down on men.

I know that for most men it depends on the woman and her hygiene. To be fair, the vagina is an opening into the body and all sorts of things can go funky if it's not cared for, whereas the penis just kinda hangs there, self-contained, outside the body, and really only requires a wash and rinse before it's good to go. Have a chat with your partner and see if there is anything you can do to make the area more attractive, I suppose. However, if your man just isn't into it, even good grooming and hygiene won't get him to go down on you. A lot of men use the "breaking the seal" method to test the waters. During foreplay, we play with the vagina manually. While we're still making out, we bring our fingers

up to our nose to check for anything putrid. If the vagina passes this simple aroma test, we have no problem heading down south. However, if not... honestly, we'd rather clean out the garage.

Men: Don't think this doesn't apply to us as well. If your junk isn't clean, she won't go near it. Shower often and sprinkle powder on your crotch before dressing to ensure an oral wonderland later in the evening.

■ **How can a woman have a tight vagina one day and then the next it's like WTF?**
Well, there's an easy answer to that, and one that will be tougher to swallow. I'll start easy. The vagina has muscles that expand and contract, and just like some days we fit into clothes better than others, the vagina fluctuates in size from day to day. For instance, after a workout, your T-shirt might be a little more snug than it is on a day you skipped the gym. Vagina tightness can change depending on the woman's diet, exercise, monthly flow, level of arousal, and many other variables.

That's the easy answer. The tougher one is that she's cheating on you with a guy who's much larger and more able to satisfy her. OH

Submit your questions for Dave at PenthouseMagazine.com/hottips.

ILLUSTRATION BY TOMMY HENNING



[positions desired]



Bunny Tales

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Six Shades

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sixshades@bunnyranch.com

PROFILE

Age: 22
Height: 5'2"
Measurements: 28A-24-32
Home state: New Jersey

PROFESSIONAL HISTORY

Time at the Ranch: Six months

"I heard someone talking about the show *Cathouse*, and it sounded intriguing, so I applied for a job on a whim. It was a totally spontaneous decision."

"I was a little nervous when I started working, because I thought I'd be awkward or that I might get tired of sex. But it was so easy! I'm a people person, so I think it's great that I get to meet new people, and I get to have sex every day. I love it!"

EXPERIENCE HIGHLIGHTS

"Before working at the Bunny Ranch, I never really gave handjobs. It seemed like a lot of work and kind of pointless, but now I really enjoy it. I have my own technique, and it makes it good for me and the client. A lot of guys really want handjobs, too. Sometimes that's all they want."

"Clients can either pick me out of a lineup when they come in, or they can go to the bar and I can pick them up. I like getting the guys from the bar the most, because then I know I worked for it. No matter how I get a client, though, I always make sure they get my full attention and have a good time. Everyone's always happy in my room."

SKILLS AND COMPETENCIES

"I love doing girl-on-girl shows, and I do at least one a day. There are a few different girls I work with regularly, depending on what the client wants to see, but all the girls are really great."

"A typical session with me starts with a good blowjob and some deep-throating. I like to twirl my tongue around the tip and really get him worked up. Then we'll move on to sex. I prefer missionary and doggie-style, but I'll try any position a guy wants. Usually, though, my clients like to at least finish in doggie-style—I have a great ass! Afterward, I'll offer the guy a massage or a shower, and sometimes we'll go another round. I never just kick someone out as soon as the sex is over."

ACCOMPLISHMENTS

"My wildest party was a pool party. There were five people involved, three girls and two clients. Everyone was naked and splashing around in the water and having fun. It was a really good time."

TEACHING OVERVIEW

"My best sex tip is, make sure you try all the different positions, because you may be more comfortable doing things in a new position, or you may just enjoy it more. And don't judge a book by its cover. A guy—or girl—may not look like your type, but if you get to know them, you may have great sexual chemistry."



“THE BEST CLIENTS ARE THE ONES WHO ARE THERE TO JUST HAVE FUN AND ARE OPEN TO TRYING DIFFERENT THINGS. THERE’S NOTHING I WON’T DO, AS LONG AS WE TALK ABOUT IT BEFOREHAND.”

ODD MAN IN?

Comedian Chris Gethard talks about the effort to transplant his misfit talk show from public-access cable to Comedy Central.

By John Bolster

If you haven't heard of Chris Gethard, it's certainly not for lack of effort on his part. Even by the standards of today's increasingly busy comedy world, the New Jersey-born Gethard, 33, has been an especially active guy. To tick off just some of his credits: He's written a book—2012's *A Bad Idea I'm About to Do*—which he also shopped as a TV pilot and showcased on *This American Life*. He's appeared in numerous CollegeHumor.com videos, he's done stand-up all over the country and on *Late Night With Conan O'Brien*, and he was an editor at both *Weird N.J.* and *Weird New York*, two popular publications about the freakier side of both states. He's also been a member of the Stepfathers, an improv group at the Upright Citizens Brigade (UCB) Theater; written for *Saturday Night Live*; and starred in the 2010 Comedy Central series *Big Lake*.

More recently, Gethard transformed his UCB variety show—which once featured a guest appearance by Diddy—into a one-of-a-kind public-access show on the Manhattan Neighborhood Network. Self-billed as “the most bizarre and often saddest talk show in New York City,” *The Chris Gethard Show* features the Human Fish, the Man Behind the Plant, Vacation Jason, and other inspired characters and guests, along with call-ins and cutting-edge musical acts. Comedy Central ordered a pilot early this year for consideration in the network's 2014 lineup.

Gethard spoke to us about the process of converting his handmade show into a big-budget pilot, the Hollywood heavyweights who helped make it happen, and some highlights from the show's public-access run.



Describing your show is a genuine challenge. How do you explain *The Chris Gethard Show*?

I usually say that it's an experimental show where each week we try to pull off ... an event. It's like event programming—on public access. We're always aiming to be funny, but hopefully also heartfelt and a little raw. Trying to see what we can do with TV to bring up emotions that you're not quite used to having brought up by a comedy show.

That's definitely true.

And it's like a DIY, sort of punk-rock affair. We try to do something different each time, and we go big with it. But the more times we've done it, it feels less like a talk show and more like we're trying to put on a fucked-up version of the Jerry Lewis telethon each week. You know, the fact that you asked such a simple question and that even *my* answer was that rambling is ... a bad sign.

The show is hard to pin down.

For sure. One of the benefits of being on public-access television is that we get to do whatever we want. But then after two-and-a-half years of doing whatever you want, it's hard to come up with a one-sentence log line of what it is you do [*laughs*].

You mentioned the punk-rock aspect—your show jumping to a cable network is kind of like a punk band signing to a major label.

Yeah, it is. It does have that vibe. Some fans have even said, "I hope the show is still able to be what it's always been," and I know that's a concern. But I do feel encouraged because [Comedy Central] bought the show because they like it. And they know what it is. They know it's very strange.

But because of the nature of public access there may be some elements you won't be able to re-create. Like, a viewer calling in, saying, "What the hell are you guys doing?" and then coming down and joining the show.

There could be, but I'll tell you, I give Comedy Central a lot of credit, because that right there is one of the things they were most excited about. They said, "The idea that you've had random people joining the cast is amazing, and we hope that we can figure out our version of that."



How did their offer come about?

I booked a very small part in *Anchor-man 2*, which was later cut from the film. But while I was on set, Adam McKay, the director, was talking with Will Ferrell, and he was like, "Hey, man, do you know about Gethard's public-access show—it's fucking cool." I said, "Oh, my God, you've heard of it?" And Adam goes, "Yeah, and I think it's really interesting. Do you have anybody helping you out, pitching it?" I said no. And he said, "Can I do it?" I was like, "Yes. Yes, you *can*." And then I ran into Zach Galifianakis doing stand-up, and he asked if he could come on, which he did. After he was on it, he emailed me and said, "If you want to try to take it somewhere, I'd love to help." And you know, it's safe to say that when Zach Galifianakis, Adam McKay, and Will Ferrell get behind a comedy project, it gets more eyeballs on it.

The show reminds me a bit of *The Howard Stern Show* in the early days. The way you've built the characters and the community so that the audience knows their backstories, and you get comedy out of that.

Oh, one hundred percent. I grew up in North Jersey, so Howard Stern—I mean, my school bus driver used to have Howard Stern on the radio on the bus on the way to school.

I really enjoyed your "Genuine Sadness" episode.

People involved in the show sometimes get mad because I maintain that it's the *funniest* episode we've

ever done. Because it was these really brutal, true calls from people suffering from horribly tough times. When we said we want *actual* sad phone calls, I figured most of our fans are in high school and college, so it was going to be like, "Oh, I can't get this girl I like to notice me." Instead, it was people saying, "They found my brother's body in a ditch, he'd been missing—"


[Laughs] Yes.

Why did I think that was going to go well? But I do feel that apart from the spectacle of it, a lot of the people who called us that night felt better for calling. One of my favorite moments is that guy who tells us, "My wife is leaving, and I found out she's in love with someone else, and I still love her, but it's tough, because I know that if I love her and she's not happy then I have to let her go, because it's the loving thing to do." It just got so quiet and grim in the studio, and he paused, and said, "Can I ask the Human Fish a question?" It was the ultimate tension-release moment, him turning to one of the dumbest characters in comedy history in his moment of need.

It showed the community the show had built, too, because he got the right tone of the episode.

Yeah, I loved it. The only part I feel bad about is, man, did the musical guest that week get a bad draw. To hear a call from somebody who's like, "Yeah, my wife walked out on me. I don't know what to do tomorrow. Or how it's going to turn out." And then I'm like, "Cool, well, hold one second, because now, ladies and gentlemen, from Brooklyn, New York—the Xray Eyeballs!" And they had to play music.

If the show didn't get picked up by Comedy Central, would you keep it going on public access?

No, because it wouldn't be fair to the 20 or 30 really talented people who've been working on the show for free all this time. I just don't think I can ask them to keep putting in the time. But hopefully, by the time this is published, it will all be a moot point because we've already been picked up for a million episodes and we're a cultural sensation and I got Lasik surgery and I go tanning all the time and I drive around in a convertible now. 

Gethard rocked out to Toronto band Fucked Up in episode No. 97 (top), was protected from a masked assailant by "Messenger Bag" in 106 (middle), and donned speech-jamming headphones in show No. 100.



All That Glitters...

By Reverend Jen

Once upon a time in a magical realm called the 1980s, women had pubic hair. But as the new millennium approached, groin areas grew barren, and eventually the whole concept of pubes was seemingly wiped off the planet. Even dudes began “man-scaping,” transforming themselves into oversize Ken dolls.

And then, perhaps to make up for all this lack of hair, females, including such celebs as Jennifer Love Hewitt and Britain’s Amy Childs, who designed her own line of body art, started adorning their crotches with sparkling crystals. But a word to the

wise: “Vajazzling” injuries are on the rise! The U.K.’s *Daily Mail* reported that vajazzling is behind a whopping 50 percent increase in hospital admissions for injuries to private parts, such as cuts and infections, while other procedures like Brazilian waxes also put women at risk. Several injuries have been linked to botched DIY-vajazzle attempts. Ladies: The vulva is one thing that tends to look better without jewelry, but if you insist on decorating, whether with sparkly trinkets or less temporary piercings or tattoos, always leave it to a professional. And men: You may want to consider becoming candy strippers.

Morbid Curiosity

By Christine Colby

Brooklyn's Morbid Anatomy Museum is known for attracting an unusual, albeit scholarly, following. The exhibition and event space hosts lectures on such topics as grave robbing, the occult, and medical history, and offers workshops on taxidermy and Victorian-style hair jewelry. On any average evening, you're likely to encounter authors, morticians, sideshow performers, witches, and even cast members of the reality show *Oddities* in the crowd. If you're the kind of guy who thinks that might be a prime spot to meet a girl, you're in luck.

In February, the collective hosted its first Morbid Anatomy singles night, called Morbid Curiosity. The event listing asked, "Do your prospective paramours often tell you you're weird?" and suggested that at this event, you might meet "interesting singles with whom you actually have something in common, [or] curiosity seekers to join you on your next graveyard tour."

Effervescent, pink-haired party hostess Daisy Tainton, who works with dead insects professionally and artis-

tically, says, "Our classes and lectures always have humor and fun elements to them, and our crowd is great at keeping a friendly, respectful, and jovial atmosphere regardless of the topic. My hope as emcee is that I can make sure this feeling of warmth and welcome prevails, and everyone will have a good time and meet new friends ... or more!" Tainton was inspired to host the event when a beau was turned-off after she postponed a date to pick up a dead kitten from a friend. He never called her again.

The event offered games with "historical, anatomical, and medical themes," snacks and "adult beverages," as well as a deejay set by Blake Schwarzenbach, former frontman of Jawbreaker and Jets to Brazil. It's too early to tell if any love matches happened that night, but Morbid Anatomy is likely to host similar parties in the future, so you'll have your chance to connect with your own morbid miss. If you need first-date suggestions, Tainton regularly teaches workshops on making shadowbox dioramas using rhinoceros beetles.



Daisy Tainton



Google Glass: Too Much of a Good Thing?

By Nick Redfern

For those of you who are voyeurs and think you've seen everything, think again. Soon you'll be able to go where no man has gone before. Whether you'll actually *want* to go there is quite another issue.

A new iPhone and iPad app called Glance, which is coming soon from Google Glass, will allow you to see—and record—what your other half is checking out when you're having sex. For non-techies out there, Google glasses provide the wearer with a head-mounted display that delivers imagery right before his eyes.

To get the on-screen action started, you simply speak the words: "Okay, Glass, it's time." Then, when it's all over, you deliver the immortal line: "Okay, Glass, pull out." No, this is not an April Fool's joke.

In theory, it sounds like great fun. But just maybe, in practice, it won't be. After all, instead of seeing those great bouncing tits in front of you, you'll get the girl's-eye view of your own nuts. And when you're pounding her from behind, she'll be fretting about you recording that bit of cellulite on her ass that your eyes are so clearly focused on, but your brain is ignoring.

What if, as your beloved gives you a sensual back massage, you notice that she's not checking out your rippling muscles, but instead eyeballing that pesky bald spot you've been trying to forget?

There is one thing we can be certain of when it comes to the voyeuristic future that the Glance app offers us: The NSA will find a reason to keep tabs on the steamy streaming.



philly cheesecake

Twenty-five-year-old Ivy Lee's lithe 34-26-34 figure makes her a natural model, but this gorgeous brunette who currently lives in the suburbs of Philadelphia also puts in time behind the camera. "Photography is the main thing I do in my spare time," she tells us, "and my idea of a perfect date is to go somewhere to take pictures ... followed by dinner someplace with a great beer selection." We're hoping her days of just taking the pictures are far in her future.

Photographs by Harry Connor



"We did part of this shoot at a nudist resort, and it was great to be someplace where I could be nude and not worry about it. And the bar we shot in was really unique, with a kick-ass bar top."





"The hottest Hollywood sex scene is Natalie Portman and Mila Kunis in *Black Swan*. I've never seen the movie, but I sure have seen that clip!"









"Passion can be instant for me when I meet someone, so it's never too soon to make love with a new partner. But if there aren't sparks after we've hung out a few times, it's never going to happen."

"If I could have a do-over on anything in my life, I would relive the first three days of sex with my current partner. It was new and exciting and far beyond anything in my past."

SEE MORE OF IVY AT PENTHOUSE.COM.







[guided tour:toronto]



TRUE



NORTH

If you've never thought of Toronto as a destination for a guys' getaway trip, think again. Turns out the city can be just as naughty as its mayor, Rob Ford.

By Kent Mashwell

Not too long ago, I was exiting a dull corporate meeting, yawning and stretching my arms, when I happened to overhear a group of coworkers discussing the best cities for strip clubs. Normally, this bit of banter would hardly have piqued my interest, but in this case there was a twist: The coworkers in question were a group of women, each happily married, and each raving in detail about the wild and wonderful goings-on in strip clubs North of the Border.



Some of the ladies claimed that the girls in Montreal were the best, while others had it on very good authority (their husbands) that Toronto provided the most bang for the buck. All I could think was, *Who are these ladies?* Not only did they allow their husbands to go to strip clubs, they also boasted about what their men had found. Clearly, this called for further investigation.

After consulting with friends, associates, and, in fact, any male I knew under the age of 90 who had ever been to Canada, I learned that I should not have been surprised. It turns out that nocturnal pursuits up north are legendary, principally due to the fact that a refreshingly wide array of activities are totally, utterly, and incredibly legal. Strip clubs with full nudity and touching allowed? Standard. Spas that trot out ladies, letting you choose your favorite? You bet. A menu of legal massage-parlor activities, including an oil-rich, fully nude, skin-to-skin option called "the body slide"? But of course. Yes, they've developed a number of creative options for raising body temperatures in the colder climes on the north side of Lake Ontario.

Now all of this is well and good, but man cannot live on debauchery alone. At least not if he's traveling with pals who also want to fill their afternoons and evenings with good times. Turns out Toronto delivers on these fronts, too, and in surprising fashion.

Fore Play

With roughly 150 golf courses in and around the city, Toronto is practically the Myrtle Beach of the Great White North. And the sheer quantity of these tracks is matched by their stunning quality. These are world-class layouts, such as the Glen Abbey Golf Club, home to this year's Canadian Open, and Angus Glen Golf Club, site of Hunter Mahan's incredible 62 in the first round of the 2007 Open. Toronto is also home to the Royal Ashburn Golf Club, repeat host of the Canadian Tour Fall Qualifying School. Toronto's courses are playable deep into the fall—contrary to what you may have heard, the city doesn't turn into a meat locker by October—and, most important, they're all open to the public.

My pals and I had tee times at three gems that typify the splendors of the Toronto-area golf scene. The first, Lionhead Golf & Country Club, is as tough as it is beautiful. Indeed,

the 36-hole club proclaims that its Legends course is the hardest in all of North America. Picture an opening hole that starts high in the woods, demands long carries over a waste area, and then a river, to a narrow sloping green, and you get the idea. Perhaps this is why Tiger Woods's course record here is only 70. Of course, not being Tiger, you don't have to play from the tournament tees. Thus, your journey through the wetlands, forests, and natural foliage of the Legends, or the slightly easier Masters course, will be a fair and highly enjoyable test.

Any golfer traveling to a new area would be wise to find out what course the locals consider the best. With that in mind, we made Copper Creek Golf Club the site of our second round. Set among the rolling hills and forests of the Humber River Valley, Copper Creek was recently

voted by area golfers the best public course in the Greater Toronto area (it's ranked the 36th best in all of Canada). This layout is a big hitter's paradise. While danger lurks for those who are particularly wild off the tee, everything is right in front of you; the course rewards the long hitter with great scoring opportunities.

For our third round, we hit a spot perfect for golf nuts looking to tap into some iconic touchstones of the game. Set in the rolling Ontario countryside, Wooden Sticks Golf Course features homages to some of today's most famous tracks: The par-3 12th from the legendary Augusta National is reproduced to surprising effect, and 12 of the 18 holes here are inspired by holes at such esteemed places as Oakmont, St. Andrews, Troon, Augusta, Pine Valley, and TPC Sawgrass (yes, it's the par-3 17th island-hole).

It turns out that nocturnal pursuits up north are legendary, principally due to the fact that a refreshingly wide array of activities are totally, utterly, and incredibly legal.



City Scene

Okay, we've gotten this far into a story concerning Canada, and yet hockey has not been mentioned once. That travesty ends now: Canadians, as you are undoubtedly aware, are obsessed with the sport, and Toronto's franchise, the Maple Leafs (not Leaves, somehow), is showing signs of reviving its once-proud legacy. The team has won 13 Stanley Cups—but none since 1967. The Leafs returned to the NHL playoffs in 2013 after a nine-year absence, and Torontonians are feeling good about their team again. And there's this: The club's captain, Dion Phaneuf, married Hollywood hottie (but Calgary native) Elisha

Cuthbert last summer. From October to late spring (depending on the Leafs' playoff fortunes or lack of same), you can catch a game, and the Hockey Hall of Fame, also located in Toronto, is open year-round.

The city is also home to the NBA's Raptors, MLB's Blue Jays, numerous colleges, and a top-notch international film festival every September, plus there are regular Hollywood film productions going on all over town. It's also a waterfront city hard by the shores of mighty Lake Ontario, offering outstanding recreation opportunities for every season.

For our crew, post-golf, it was bars, restaurants, strip clubs, and

spas—in that order. As for the bars, like most cities with a large student population, choices abound. You could find plenty of places offering up Jägermeister shots to shouty dudes wearing Leafs jerseys, or you could seek a different vibe, ranging from sophisticated hotel bars to cool places obsessed with 1920s cocktails to micro pubs where drinkers debate the merits of various brews with the intensity of Talmudic scholars.

Hands down, our favorite cocktail place was Thompson Toronto. This hotel is topped by a rooftop bar featuring stunning 360-degree views of the city and the lake. Order up a drink called “the Millionaire” (Belvedere vodka, Cointreau, grenadine, and raspberry syrup) while scouting the local talent, and you'll start to gain a keen appreciation for the city, and life itself.

We also took a shine to barVolo, a beer joint on Yonge Street—a main city artery that frequently pops up in stories about what's new, what's hot, and what's now in Toronto. For beer connoisseurs, it'll be tough to beat this family-owned watering hole specializing in craft ales. Here, one finds a rotating array of Ontario drafts and ales with ornate names such as Beau's All Natural Walloon Dragon, Amsterdam Fracture, Muskoka Twice as Mad, and Black Oak Ten Bitter Years. The tap menu is posted daily to Twitter (@barVolo).

Having primed your appetite with a few hearty brews in a great spot, you're ready for—no, not the strip club yet; down, boy!—dinner. In a city the size of Toronto (there are roughly 2.7 million residents), you can find anything to fit your tastes and budget. But while a local noodle shop might be a good choice when you're back in your hometown, a guys' trip calls for something a bit more memorable. You might try the warm welcome, great food, and good cheer at Miller Tavern on Bay Street, downtown. The Miller serves up superb steaks and what it rightly calls “serious seafood” in a comfortable urban setting. This is the kind of place where the bartender knows your name and your drink five minutes after you arrive, and remembers it five years later.

If your group is anything like mine, it'd be easy to slip into the “steak every night” routine—which is why one smart member on our trip insisted



The Hockey Hall of Fame



Thompson Toronto



BarVolo



[guided tour: toronto]

we plan some variety, namely a hearty Italian restaurant and a French place. For the former, we went with Joe Badali's, just steps from the Air Canada

Centre (home to the Maple Leafs and the Raptors), which dishes up great fresh pastas, calamari, and—okay, not everyone was down with the variety plan—steaks. It's the kind of place where your group can take over a quiet corner of the restaurant or fill up the bar tables and watch—what else?—the Leafs while you dine.

For the latter, we chose Marcel's Bistro & Lounge, on busy King Street, which has seen a proliferation of chic restaurants, clubs, and galleries in recent years. It's not pretentious but still allows the sophisticate in your group to feel like a grown-up. You can choose from rack of lamb, seared sea scallops, or onglet de boeuf grillé, and—*naturelment*—steak frites.

Unlike at strip clubs at home, in Toronto there's no restraining of your hands, so they can go a-grabbing.

Dangerous Curves

It's probably not a stretch to say that the worst strip club in Toronto will almost assuredly beat some of the best in the States. Seriously, they're that good. At places with names like Zanzibar, the Brass Rail, and the House of Lancaster, to name just a few, the ladies hold nothing back—including you. Unlike at home, there's no restraining of your hands, so they can go a-grabbing and a-wandering. Here, it's a touchy-feely landscape and the smiles you'll get from these lovelies seem so genuine they'll make you forget that it's not you but your money they're happy to see. Of course, this added tactile stimulation means you'll leave feeling that much more frustrated than you do back at home.

Which brings us to the spas. Now that you've been primed, you are ready to be, um, well, you get the idea. Most of the spas are about 20 to 30 minutes north of the city, in exurbs dotted with warehouses, corporate headquarters, and gas stations. Tucked into this lifeless backdrop, one finds perfectly legal establishments




with names that sound like indie rock bands: Muse, Flirt, and Perla, to name a very few. How exactly do you find them? If you see the word "massage" on a storefront in bright pink letters, you know you've arrived. The most amazing thing about these places (besides the women, of course) is the decor. If back home you're used to some illegal basement apartment that offers up a converted dark closet next to a washer/dryer, then you're in for quite a surprise. Many of these places would rival a spa at a Four Seasons: all rich marble, hardwood, and fine tiles—even in the showers. Yes, showers—Toronto law requires that all visitors take a shower before the festivities begin. Of course, you'll want one afterward, as well, as you will likely be covered in oil (among other things). The other pleasantly surprising feature is that the ladies introduce themselves to you one by one. Find one you like and you're all set. Don't see someone who sparks your fancy? No worries. Just hop in the car. There's almost certainly another spot just down the street.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (TOP TO BOTTOM) HEEB CHRISTIAN/HEMIS/CORBIS, B2M PRODUCTIONS/GETTY IMAGES

Getting In and Getting Out

One final word simply must be said about why Toronto makes for a great guys' getaway: the ease of arriving and departing. In this day and age of cutback service, is it even possible anymore to have a favorite airline? Well, after our trip, we certainly did. The Canada-based Porter Airlines not only provides countless flights a day to and from such spots as Chicago, New York, Boston, and Washington, D.C., but it also does so with a level of comfort not seen since the days of *Mad Men*. For an economy ticket that costs little more than a bus fare, you get access to an airport lounge of the type usually reserved for business- and first-class travelers. Here, amid plush and welcoming chairs, the coffee, espresso, snacks, sodas, water, and Wi-Fi are all complimentary. Our favorite touch? The specially heated coffee cups that keep your drink warm while you browse online.

But the best reason of all to fly Porter is that you land directly in downtown Toronto, rather than nearly an hour away at the big international hub. You and your buddies will hit the ground running, ready to begin a trip that you may have never considered before, but won't soon forget. 



Lodging

The great thing about finding a place to stay in Toronto is that, unlike with most golf trips where you are pretty much forced to stay in some rather generic golf resort, here your options are almost unlimited. There are countless thrifty options (chain hotels abound), as well as high-end, budget-busting places with character (the Thompson Toronto, for one). Our group was perfectly at home at an eastside B&B called the Banting House Inn. Yes, that's right, a B&B. It was just as affordable as more generic options, but filled with character. Sure, the Art Deco decor pleased the aesthetes among us, but it was manager Scott McCabe's made-to-order breakfasts that really won us over. Be sure to go for the daily homemade bread. We also loved the backyard garden setting, which featured a giant fire-pit-style table that could seat ten guys for beer and banter.





a room with a view

A view for us, that is. Gina and Miela may be oblivious to everything but each other and their toys, but we're relishing each and every glimpse into their passionate play.

Photographs by Davide Esposito

























SEE MORE OF GINA & MIELA AT [PENTHOUSE.COM](https://www.penthouse.com).

Strokes & Strikes

THE PROVOCATIVE STORIES IN *PENTHOUSE* HAVE BEEN INSPIRING READERS FOR YEARS. ONE RECENT STORY LEADS A NAUGHTY SUB TO YEARN FOR A MORE TITILLATING PUNISHMENT FROM HER DOM.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY AMY MATTHEWS

I loved the story “3 Choices” in the January 2014 issue of *Penthouse*. Reading it got me so randy I had to pull my pants down and diddle myself after the first page. I was in flagrante delicto, knuckle-deep, and sitting in a puddle of my arousal at the kitchen table when my boyfriend came home from work. If you read my previous confession in the March 2013 issue [“I Had It Coming”], then you’ll recall that Karl doesn’t approve of me playing with myself without his permission.

“You know you just earned yourself a whipping,” he admonished in that tone of voice that melts me every time.

“Couldn’t help it, sir,” I said. “The story’s about dominance and submission.” I added with a giggle, “We’re becoming more mainstream all the time.”

“You weren’t focused on the pictorials?”

“No, sir,” I half lied (they’d gotten me started). “The story is about a sub and some nipple clamps and is so fucking hot I just had to ...” I realized that I was talking to an empty room. Karl had probably gone to the toy chest to select the implement he was going to punish me with. I closed the magazine and started to lick my sticky fingers. “Hey, how come you never use nipple clamps on me? Do we even own a pair?”

Karl called back from the bedroom, “Because the first night we were together, I pinched your left nipple hard while spanking you and you told me you didn’t like it!”

When he returned to the kitchen, I saw that Karl had removed his necktie and unbuttoned his collar, which telegraphed that he meant business. I saw how serious he was by what was in his hands. He tapped a long, braided leather riding crop against

his leg. In my lover’s expert hands, this implement hurts even worse than a cane. I was in for a hard lesson. My heart leaped even higher when I saw that he had nipple clamps attached to a long chain in his other hand. I stood up, eyes downcast, showing that I was receptive to his wishes, loving that my pants and underpants were puddled around my ankles while my upper body was fully clothed. It made our respective roles perfectly clear. We were both equally aroused, though—his throbbing erection straining against his pinstriped pants, while my sex, thighs, and buttocks were besmeared with my jism.

“So you want to play with nipple clamps, eh?” he whispered. The slapper end of the crop nudged my hard peaks. Quick as a flash, he flicked the rod and smacked the nipple smartly; I gasped at the sting. When the crop played at my other breast, I closed my eyes and tried to quiet my breathing. *Smack!* The nipple screamed as I clenched my jaw, but after the brief flickering of pain, a delicious warmth infused both areolas. “Bend over the table, young lady,” he instructed.

I couldn’t help myself: I sighed as he bared my breasts and attached the clamps to my nips. Then Karl moved the heavy porcelain cookie jar over to rest on the thin chain that linked my tits. He stood back to admire the view, then stepped behind me and took aim at my proffered posterior.

I love most leather implements of ass destruction, and loathe most wooden ones. I love being punished with the razor strap, detest being paddled with my oversize hairbrush. Caning my often-abused but still-tender tushy is the very worst form of punishment, in my opinion. But this leather-encased crop with the large slapper at its business



end ranks right up there with any bamboo or malacca rod. I heard it cut through the air...

Thwack! A searing line of fire burned into my quivering flesh. It cut into my round rump, so much so that I was powerless to contain the pain and surprise. As I jerked, the contraption on my tits pulled the already elongated nips agonizingly. Tears sprang to my eyes and I had to work hard to keep from crying out. After a moment's absorption, I could feel a thin welt rising on the surface of my previously pristine bum, and a stinging swatch at the extreme right side of said orb where that slapper had marked me. Rating this lick on a scale of 1 to 10, that crop in Karl's masterful hand was an 11. On top of that, my nipples both smarted with a ferocity I couldn't have imagined. My clit ached to be touched as copious juices ran down my legs. I was in heaven!

Watching my body's signals astutely, Karl sensed when I'd mastered the pain, stepped to the right, and gave me an equal stripe backhanded, so that another swatch sizzled, then glowed by my left hip as two throbbing welts burned their way into my consciousness. Again I involuntarily bucked and the chain leash yanked at the tender trophies that it restrained. I could not blink back my tears, nor keep the sobs from my voice as I asked, "How many strokes am I to get, sir?"

Karl read this delaying tactic for what it was, reached out, and caressed my wounded bottom with his left hand soothingly, giving me a moment to collect myself.

"Were you a naughty girl?"

"Yes, sir," I whimpered.

"How many do you think you deserve?"

"Just one more ..." I pleaded.

"You'll get three," he answered, knowing my limits and ascertaining what would push me past them.

I bent over and stuck my butt out submissively.

"Good girl," Karl intoned, just before giving me another wicked backhanded welt.

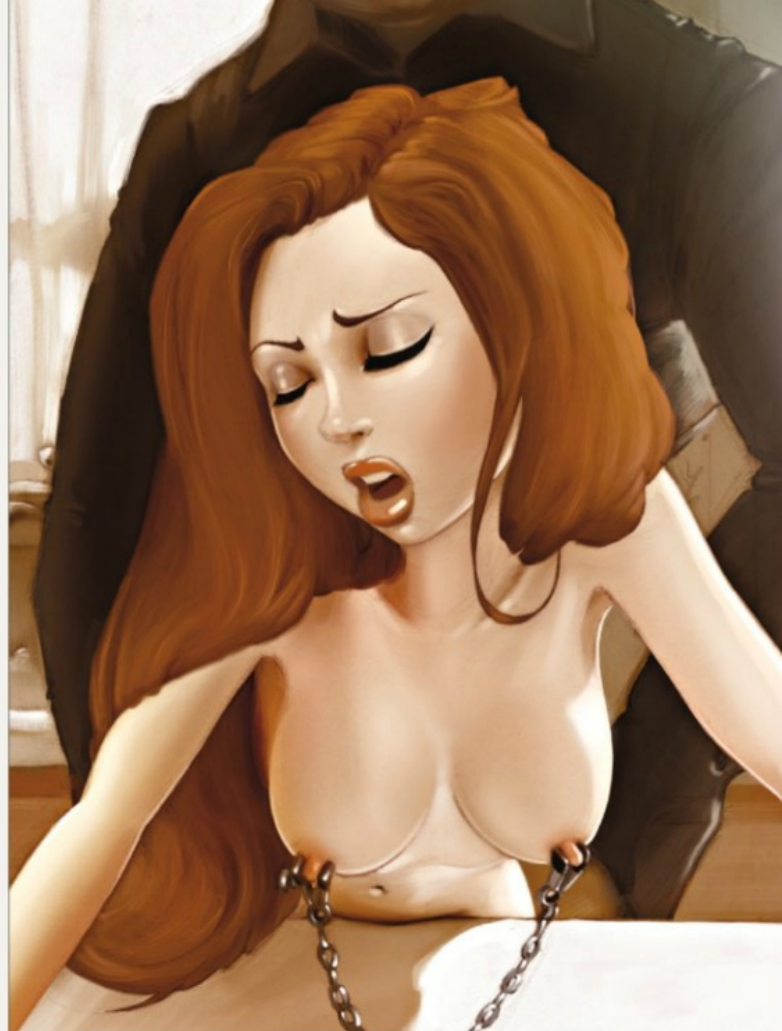
With steely determination in my backbone, I received this lash without jerking, thereby allowing my raging nipples to suffer the grievous grip without the added terrible tug.

Now, I ought to try to explain something here that is so complex, even I don't fully understand it. I'm a brat. I misbehave frequently, knowing that the consequence will be punishment. Part of me craves this dynamic; part of me hates it. I get turned-on sexually by the prospect, yet I fear the reality. Corporal punishment *hurts*. I don't like being punished when I'm in the midst of it until I drop into subspace, though I adore having marks of all kinds on my bum, which are a badge of honor to any person of my orientation and fetish. It's a dichotomy I've struggled with my whole life. I've sought out lovers, dominants, who are the yin to my yang. I'm deeply in love with Karl. Part of my attraction to him is his steadfastness. If I had been able to wheedle out of the punishment I deserved just now (or ever), I'd lose respect for him and our relationship would be doomed. I can count on Karl to discipline me fairly, but fully, for every one of my misdeeds.

I was silently praising my inner strength as my lover stepped back and gave me the next strike—an uppercut that landed where buttock meets thigh, the tenderest spot on one's backside. I groaned and danced a jig in place to deal with the incredible sting, but again I let my well-padded fanny absorb the blow, and didn't transfer the pain to my nipples by moving from my supplicant (head down, butt up, tits near the tabletop) posture.

"Show me how you're doing, Michelle. Reach back and part your bottom for me," Karl ordered.

Obediently, I let go of the table, took a firm pinch of punished butt cheek in each hand, and parted them wide, scissoring my thighs together surreptitiously as I did so. I felt the tingle in my erect clit, felt the cream that had pooled at my cunt lips drip like so much viscous honey.



"No matter how hard I punish you, Michelle, you always get aroused," he chortled. "Do you want to fuck after your punishment is through?"

"Desperately ..." I panted.

"Do you want to touch yourself while I administer your last stripe?"

I knew that this meant he intended to give me a stroke that I'd only be able to tolerate if I was pleasuring myself. But being the submissive whore I am at heart, I answered, "Yes, sir, please ..." and barely waited to hear his assent before my fingertips circled my throbbing love button and diddled with abandon.

"Careful, little girl," he admonished sternly. "You're only going to get a total of three good orgasms in that sweet vagina tonight ... I can't have you getting spoiled by too much pleasure when you've been such a bad thing."

Oh, God, I thought, and slowed my magic touch, backing away from the monstrous climax that was starting to build in my loins. I merely pressed my fingertips against my sex, arched my back, and stuck my caboose out invitingly.

Karl aimed the last shot at the most tender part of my tush, an inch below the crease. I stood bolt upright, sending the cookie jar sailing off the table, yanking the nipple clamps. My howl obliterated the loud crash of the porcelain on the tile floor.

Immediately, Karl pressed against my back, enveloping me in his strong arms, whispering soothing phrases in my ear and nuzzling the nape of my neck. Sometimes after a wicked punishment session, we've stood like this for long minutes, until I can get ahold of my unending tears and long sobs and ragged breaths, until the burning pain of the punishment turns into that sublime warmth and contentment. But not this time.

I bent over the table again. "Fuck me, darling ... hard. Now!"

I heard his zipper. Then his manhood invaded all my senses, and I gave myself to him another way.

Each time I orgasm I get a different mental image as the tactile sensations overcome me. This time it was like Fourth of July

THWACK! AS I JERKED, THE CONTRAPTION ON MY TITS PULLED THE ALREADY ELONGATED NIPS. MY CLIT ACHED TO BE TOUCHED. I WAS IN HEAVEN!

fireworks packed into sticks of dynamite, but words sound cliché in comparison to the profound kinesthetic experience. My brain and my vagina imploded as I was blinded by a series of earth-shattering explosions. My world shook so violently that my knees buckled. If it hadn't been for the trusty table, I'd have collapsed on the black-and-white linoleum. As it was, I came crashing down, the only thing cushioning the fall being my mammarys and that infernal chain and pincers. I saw only stars, thought I was deaf, all my senses gone, until Karl reached under me and released each nipple from its clamp. Feeling flooded back through my entire body—especially my tits, which first coursed with pain, then glowed with an incandescence I'd never experienced before.

"That's one ..." Karl stated, and I realized through my stupor that he hadn't come and that he was ready to fuck some more. As he pistoned into me anew, I felt his fingers diddle some of my jism up my ass crack and around my anus. "After your next orgasm, do you know where I'm going to put my cock?"

I know a lot of women don't share my taste, but when I'm in that supersubmissive headspace after hard discipline, I really love getting fucked up my tight ass. Normally, I go through a plateau phase, and no matter how hard Karl is hammering into me, it takes me minutes to come back around and be ready to pop off again, but not on this occasion. Just the suggestion of rumpy-pumpy, his talented finger tickling my rosebud, and I immediately felt myself ascending. That was the mental image of this next climax: I was climbing the ladder of a high dive. Every thrust of Karl's dick pushed me higher. I rose so high I felt dizzy, I swooned and launched off, a rush, a crashing wet splashdown, and then I was surrounded by body-temperature fluid, probably my own. I surfaced, gasping, incoherent, but never feeling more alive.

As soon as I caught my breath, I rasped out, "Okay, lover, put it up my butt!"

Maybe you have to be a dyed-in-the-wool submissive to really enjoy an ass fucking. There is that fear-filled first minute when you think that it just won't work, that his cock is so big, and you're so small and tight back there. But if he's patient, and uses lots of lube, that clenched negativity melts away, and you feel yourself opening up to the experience. Even being an old hand at it, it's still a little scary for me. I like that about anal intercourse. It's nasty and forbidden and it goes against nature and everything your mother told you proper girls do. As I felt Karl's massive member intrude into my tightness one inch at a time, it seemed like he was one of those huge icebreaker ships pushing through a frozen ice pack on the extreme edge of the world—but far too loving and warm a sensation to be arctic. It felt like he was literally carving me a new asshole. There was a little pain (because I like it like that, so Karl now uses less lubricant than he used to), but it soon translated into this intensely satisfying pressure. It wasn't uncomfortable, but a whole new sensation of being taken in the most base way imaginable—of being possessed completely, surrendering myself totally, being naughty and yet feeling divine, sinning profoundly yet feeling holy and sanctified at the same time.

"Like a hot knife slicing through butter," I sighed as he filled me all the way to the root of his thick cock, then I began giggling uncontrollably.

I loved feeling his tight balls against my oozing slit, loved feeling stretched to the maximum in this dirty place, loved breaking the rules of convention and adoring intercourse as much up

my ass as in my twat, loved feeling I'm *his*. We lay like that for a full minute.

And then he began to withdraw. The muscles back there are designed to expel—you have to train yourself not to push, just to relax and experience it. Amazingly, no matter how often we do the deed, I also experience extreme emotion at that point. There's a feeling of release when getting fucked up your butt hole; I start to cry for joy at this stage. He withdrew until his German-helmeted circumcised prickhead barely breached my anus, and then reversed and thrust into me slowly. A guttural sound came out of me from deep inside, along with a torrent of tears, and an effusion of elated sensations from the roots of my hair to my curling toes. The image that he was a virtuoso playing my instrument floated into my mind. As I fingered my clit, Karl bowed me back and forth, in and out, not fiddling around, rather making me hum, making me sing. *I'm your Stradivarius*, I thought, *play me*.

"I'm gonna come!"

"You'd better, or I'll have to give you another whipping."

"Yes! Promise me ... I feel so nasty coming from getting fucked up my ass, promise me you'll make me feel better afterward with another lesson."

"Okay," my understanding lover agreed.

"Promise?"

"Yes."

And I let go, and fought back against all the shoulds and shall nots I'd been taught, and enjoyed the exquisite sensations of being brutally boned in my backdoor. As yummy-licious as that was, it was all the better when I felt Karl start to ejaculate deep into my bowels. He thrust and pumped molten spunk into me, then pulled out, spraying jets of the hot stuff, first in my butt crack, then across my back.

Now my rectum felt the same radiance that the crop had imbued across my fulsome fanny cheeks, that those cursed clamps had instilled in my breasts. I felt sated, exhausted, replete, blessedly complete.... Karl absentmindedly rubbed his come into my weltd rump like a balm. I felt connected to my lover by a bond that transcended the flesh. I turned around, nearly tripping before realizing that my ankles were still hobbled by my garments, and kissed Karl with all the passion that burned in his soul.

"Want to grab a shower together and go to bed?" I whispered to my heartthrob. I felt like I could sleep for days, wanted to cuddle with Karl for however long we ended up in the sack.

"No."

I cocked my head in surprise.

"I want to shower together, then give you the sound spanking you made me promise to give you. By that time, I'll want to fuck you again, and then we can go to bed."

I winced at the check my big mouth had written, that my big bottom was now going to have to cash. "Yes, sir," I answered. Picking up the *Penthouse*, I said, "You ought to use this on me, it's the culprit!"

"No, you're the culprit, and a rolled-up magazine won't sting enough. I ought to use your hairbrush ..."

I shuddered, stepped out of my pants, grabbed Karl by his cock, and walked him toward the bathroom. His hand casually caressed my derriere, which stung more than a bit. A spanking on my wet tush was going to be sheer torture, a paddling would be hell. I couldn't wait.—M.J., Kentucky

CARNAL KNOWLEDGE

Whether you're looking for tips to improve your performance between the sheets, answers to a question or two, or help with an issue you can't take to even your most trusted friend, our expert can help. It's time to get schooled. By Martin Downs, MPH



Semen Stings

What does it mean when semen stings inside my vagina? This just happened a couple of times recently, and I only have sex with my husband.

Going strictly by the book, I should advise you to get tested to rule out a sexually transmitted infection, or other infections and medical conditions that could make your vagina sensitive to irritation. I could also suggest that you might have developed an allergy to your husband's semen, because that happens sometimes. But there's a simpler and more likely explanation.

I'd bet that it wasn't his semen, but something on his dick, that caused the stinging. Ask him if he's been using a new kind of soap, lotion, or deodorant. Probably there was some kind of chemical residue on his penis that irritated your vagina. If not that, he might have gotten some kind of irritant on his hands, like a household cleaner or some chemical he'd been working with, which he transferred to his penis when handling it before sex.

A couple of other things to consider are whether your vagina was drier than normal, and if intercourse lasted longer, or his thrusting was deeper or more vigorous than usual. Friction during sex can cause tiny tears in the lining of the vagina. If there was some abrasion due to dryness, rough penetration, or a combination of the two, it might have made your vagina especially sensitive to whatever irritating chemical was on his penis, or to his semen itself.

Try having him wash first with a fragrance-free, neutral-pH soap, and lube up with a light water- or silicone-based lube. But you should still get checked up by a doctor for an infection or allergy.

Revenge Porn

Is it against the law to post nude pics or sex videos of someone without their permission?

I can't give you legal advice, but I can say that so-called "revenge porn" is an example of how the legal system lags behind digital culture.

Nonconsensually shared home-made porn has been leaking onto the internet for years. The famous Pamela Anderson and Tommy Lee sex tape first appeared online back in 1998, and this June will mark the tenth anniversary of Paris Hilton's debut as an unwitting porn star. But the number of celebs whose intimate moments have been exposed against their will is minuscule compared with the thousands, if not millions, of regular people whose explicit selfies and home videos have been leaked onto the internet.

Often enough, the culprits are vengeful exes and pissed-off spouses doing it to embarrass the subject, or someone might share homemade porn on the web merely without regard for the other person's privacy, and not with any malicious intent.

Private pics and video clips may also be lifted from stolen electronic devices and hacked email accounts. Criminals use this content for extortion, or publish it online for fun and profit, like the so-called "king" of revenge porn, Hunter Moore, is alleged to have done. In January of this year, FBI agents in Los Angeles collared Moore and another man on suspicion of breaking into private email accounts to obtain content for Moore's now-defunct revenge-porn site.

Regardless of the perpetrator's motives, nonconsensual porn can profoundly harm victims. Dr. Holly Jacobs started the Cyber Civil Rights Initiative and a national campaign, End Revenge Porn, because the legal system offered her no way to stop her ex-boyfriend from posting nude

pictures of her online. She had tried to sue the offending ex and the sites where he posted her pictures, but the effort merely ended up costing her more than \$10,000 in legal fees, and failed to get the pictures off the web.

Only two states have laws against sharing explicit images of another person without that person's consent. In 2004, New Jersey made it illegal for a person, "knowing that he is not licensed or privileged to do so," to distribute sexually explicit images of another person; and in 2013, California passed a law making it a misdemeanor to distribute an "image of the intimate body part or parts of another identifiable person" when the image was supposed to have been kept private, and if "the depicted person suffers serious emotional distress."

As of this writing, three other states were considering similar legislation. In October 2013, a Maryland legislator put forward a bill that would make it a felony to post sexually explicit images online without the subject's consent. The Wisconsin state legislature is considering a bill that would make revenge porn a misdemeanor, punishable by a fine, jail time, or both. Also in October 2013, New York state lawmakers proposed a law that would apply to "photographs that are captured consensually, as part of an intimate relationship, with the expectation of privacy, and are later

disclosed by an individual to the public without the consent of the individual photographed." The bill seeks to make the offense a misdemeanor, punishable by a fine of up to \$30,000.


In December 2013, California's new law was used to shut down a particularly vicious revenge-porn website, UGotPosted.com, and bring charges against the site's owner, Kevin Christopher Bollaert, then 27, of San Diego. According to a press release issued by the state district attorney's office, the website "required that the poster include the subject's full name, location, age, and Facebook profile link." Bollaert allegedly ran another site, Change MyReputation.com, where victims could pay fees of \$300 to \$350 to have their images and information removed from UGotPosted.com.

Other laws that apply generally to images, digital media, and privacy also provide some recourse to victims of revenge porn.

United States copyright law broadly protects the rights of anyone who makes an image. That's helpful because oftentimes revenge-porn victims themselves took the pictures. The End Revenge Porn campaign surveyed more than 800 people online who claimed to have been victims of revenge porn, finding that 80 percent of them took the pictures that were later shared without their consent.

As the creator of an image, you



automatically have the right to decide how it can be used, reproduced, and distributed. Under the national Digital Millennium Copyright Act, passed by Congress in 1998, any content owner can file a "takedown" notice with websites that infringe on copyright, demanding that the content be removed from the site. 

Five Tips to Avoid Becoming a Victim

1. Hide your face

If you're sending selfies, or filming your fun with a lover, make it a rule that faces stay out of the frame, along with any telltale birthmarks or tattoos. Anyone could say it's you, but a faceless body without any identifying features doesn't have the same reputation-ruining impact. Maybe it's you—or maybe it's not.

2. Use self-destructing files

When engaging in sexting, don't use email or standard SMS. Use a service like Snapchat .com, which allows you to set a time limit on the lifespan of any pics you send, so that it disappears permanently a few seconds after the recipient sees it. There are other apps for creating self-destructing files, such as Wickr, for iPhone and Android; or cloud-based services like Dissipate (DissipateApp.com).


3. Beware of spy cams

Let's say you hook up with someone new at their place. If you have a minute to yourself, poke around the bedroom. Secret cameras can be concealed very effectively, but there's always a chance that a camera could be hidden in plain sight—for example, a computer in the room with its webcam turned on.

4. Secure your files

You might have some homemade porn stored digitally that you have no intention of ever posting online. But your devices and media are still vulnerable to loss, theft, remote hacking, and plain old snooping. Always encrypt and password-protect the files. Don't store them on your computer. Instead, keep them on a separate flash drive or other storage media, and lock it up with your valuables, like jewelry and cash.

5. Be vigilant

If you think you might be at risk, or if you've been victimized, make use of services like Reputation .com, which can monitor the web and suppress the content you want to be hidden. DMCADefender.com is another helpful service that submits Digital Millennium Copyright Act takedown notices to offending websites on behalf of revenge-porn victims. 



orange crush

Kenze Thomas might look like your average hot 19-year-old, but this brainy beauty has lofty aspirations that include medical school, and she has every intention of fulfilling them. All we know is, we're up for playing doctor with the 34C-25-34 beauty any time.

Photographs by W. Lawrence Stevens



"I also like the idea of being a marine biologist, and I have a bunch of fish at home. But I think I can help people most by becoming a doctor."








"I have a lot of respect for Nelson Mandela, who did a pretty good job of making the world a slightly better place. That's what I'd like to do."



A blonde woman with her hair tied up is posing nude in a swimming pool. She is wearing a long, colorful beaded necklace and a thin bracelet on her right wrist. She is looking down and to the side, with her right hand on her hip and her left hand near her neck. The background shows a pool deck with potted plants and a lounge chair.

"If I could change one thing
about myself, I would become
more adventurous and try more
things now. There will be time to
sit around when I'm older."





"I don't yet have a moment in my life that I'd like to relive. I don't think I'll be able to come up with one till after I've had a lot more life experiences."

SEE MORE OF KENZE AT PENTHOUSE.COM.



■ Let's Go to the Tape

My wife and I love to watch porn, and we have a decent collection, but it took me a while to persuade her that we should make our own film. Finally, I convinced her to go for it. Bailey put on a miniskirt and a low-cut top that showed off her natural 36DDs, going commando underneath.

We grabbed the video camera and the tripod, and went to my brother's house, knowing he was away on vacation. He has a very secluded yard on a huge lot, so we'd have enough privacy. We picked a great spot, and I set up the camera and tripod. Then I told Bailey where to stand, focused the camera on her, and adjusted the viewer so I could see the action from the front of the camera.

To get things started, Bailey pulled off her top and flashed her breasts for the camera, grabbing herself and tweaking her nipples till they were rock hard. Then she turned her back to me and bent over, giving the camera a great view of her naked pussy. She looked over her shoulder at me, smiling, and winked. Bailey looked just as good as any of the women we'd seen in our DVDs,

and she knew it!

My cock was pitching a tent in my shorts when I pulled off my shirt and made my way over to her. Bailey pulled down my shorts and licked the head of my cock before taking the full length into her mouth. My wife loves to deep-throat and she's really good at it, but she never lets me come in her mouth, so I figured we were in for a great money shot of my come blasting her tits. She sucked my full length into her throat again and again, then she started stroking me while she sucked and swirled her tongue around the head. She looked up at me and I thought that I'd never seen her look so hot. Then she pulled back and said, "I want to taste your come."

That was enough to push me over the edge. Bailey deep-throated me one last time before I exploded in her mouth. She kept sucking, milking my cock to make sure she captured every last drop. She finally released my dick and opened her mouth to show me—and the camera—my cream, then swallowed the entire load.

That turned out to be one of our best days of sex. We both did things we'd never done before, and we created our favorite DVD of all time.—*S.C., Colorado*

■ Best Friends Share Everything

When we were in college, my friend Lizzie and I avoided sleeping with too many guys by taking care of each other, if you know what I mean. Now we're both married, and she and her husband came to visit us at our lakefront cabin. One evening while the guys were playing basketball, Lizzie and I sat on the porch to watch, and started reminiscing about being with another girl. Neither one of us had done that in several years, since before Lizzie married Nick.

Lizzie stood up, took me by the hand, and pulled me into the cabin. She stood behind me and pulled my shorts and panties to my knees before reaching one hand under my top to caress my breasts. Then she brought her other hand between my legs and ran her fingers along my instantly wet slit before circling my throbbing clit.

"Oh, Lizzie! That feels so good!" I moaned.

"Imagine if it were my tongue," Lizzie whispered.

I wanted more, but just as Lizzie slid a finger into my cunt, I saw my husband heading toward the cabin.

Lizzie and I separated, and I pulled up my shorts just as Chris came in. I was afraid he'd notice my flushed face, but he went straight to the refrigerator and grabbed two beers. When Lizzie asked how much longer he and Nathan would be playing, Chris said about a half hour. After he went back outside, Lizzie and I cracked up laughing, then, when we calmed down, talked about what to do.

"Stacy, I don't think it's going to be a problem if they walk in on us," Lizzie said, pulling me close and sliding her hand back in my panties. "It won't be an issue for Nick. He knows I used to eat you out every chance I got."

I started laughing again, then admitted that I had told Chris that we used to get together, too, and he thought it was really hot. "Okay, Liz, you're on!"

We headed straight to the bedroom, and quickly took off our clothes. We fell onto the bed, kissing passionately as we fingered each other's pussy. Once again feeling the softness and wetness of another girl was thrilling, but it got even better when Lizzie came and her warm juices drenched my hand.

Then Lizzie went down on me with an incredible hunger, licking and



PENIS ENLARGEMENT

MINIMALLY INVASIVE MALE ENHANCEMENT PROCEDURE INVOLVING
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sucking every inch of my quivering pussy, pausing only to tell me how delicious I tasted. She was relentless, laving and fingering me until I experienced one of the most intense orgasms ever.

Not even waiting to catch my breath, I quickly pulled Lizzie's twat to my mouth for a heavy-duty sixty-nine.

Our love fest continued for almost an hour, till the guys came looking for us. As you can probably imagine, their only reaction was to strip and join us. We all had an amazing vacation together, with Lizzie and me putting on some shows for the guys, and lots of sucking and fucking our own and each other's husbands. We had such a great time that we've already made plans for two weeks together this summer. You haven't heard the last of us!—*S.D., Michigan*

■ Three-Way Her Way

One evening, while I was having drinks with my coworker Erik, a wicked-hot redhead walked in. She looked about 30, and was absolutely gorgeous from head to toe. "Oh, man!" I said to Erik after she walked by. "Check out that beautiful ass!"

The hottie walked to the end of the bar, then turned and headed back in our direction.

When she stopped right in front of us and Erik introduced her as his wife Nevaeh, I wanted to crawl under the table and die. Erik just laughed as Nevaeh sat down, and embarrassed me even more by telling her that I had been checking out her ass. Nevaeh smiled and said that she had heard a lot about me from Erik, and was pleased to finally meet me.

We had a great time just hanging out and talking for a couple of hours. Nevaeh seemed really cool, and several times I thought how lucky Erik was to be able to go home to her every night. When Nevaeh got up to go to the ladies' room, she whispered something in Erik's ear. As soon as she was out of sight, Erik said that Nevaeh really liked me. She wanted to know if I would come home with them and fuck her.

I nearly choked on my drink before asking Erik if he was serious. He was, and while the offer was totally unexpected, it was much too enticing to pass up. I told Erik that if it was okay with him, it was cool with me. Erik said that Nevaeh would want me to eat her out and fuck her pussy, and then she would take me up her ass.

When Nevaeh returned, she could tell by the grins on our faces that the answer was yes. She smiled at me, promised me a night I'd not soon forget, and kissed me like I was her long-lost lover. I gladly picked up the tab and we drove to their house.

They led me straight to the bed-

room and Nevaeh and I took off our clothes. I feasted my eyes on her big tits and large pink nipples, and finally got to see that beautiful ass of hers in the flesh. I couldn't wait to drive my cock inside.

When Nevaeh saw my dick standing at attention, she said, "I'm going to be so happy by the end of the night. Come here, Matt, and suck my pussy." Then she lay down on the bed and spread her legs. I dove between Nevaeh's thighs, lapping at her wet, delicious cunt as she held me tight to her. "That's it, baby! Eat it good!" she groaned. I licked her cunt until she came, then, pushing me back on the bed, Nevaeh straddled me, sat down on my cock, and fucked me with abandon until she came again. I could only hope that her next move would be to allow me through her backdoor, because I was so close to the edge that I didn't know how much longer I could hold out.

Nevaeh lifted herself off my cock and grasped it in her hand. Then the room filled with her cries of pleasure as she slowly lowered her ass onto my cock. "Oh, God! This feels so good!" Nevaeh screamed. "Your dick feels wonderful up my ass!"

Nevaeh wasn't the only one enjoying herself. That initial entry was so amazing, I had to grip her hips so she wouldn't move for a minute. I didn't want to come too soon. I took a few deep breaths to steady myself before letting her move again.

When I gave her the go-ahead, Nevaeh began to move slowly up and down the entire length of my cock. Nothing had ever felt so hot and so tight. She gradually picked up the pace and began rubbing her clit as she rose and fell, faster and faster. I was so wrapped up in the moment I'd forgotten about Erik, until he said, "That's it, Nevaeh, go for it! You look so hot!" His words seemed to spur Nevaeh on as she was now vigorously rubbing her clit and meeting my upward thrusts. Erik was right beside us, urging us on and propelling her to yet another orgasm.

"More!" Nevaeh screamed as she lifted her ass from my cock and got up on all fours. "Give me more!"

I buried my aching cock into Nevaeh's tight ass from behind, driving it deep and hard.

"Oh, Erik! He's fucking my ass so good!" Nevaeh cried out. "He's making me come again!" She shook and slammed herself back against

Feeling the softness and wetness of another girl once again was thrilling, but it got even better when Lizzie came and her juices drenched my hand.



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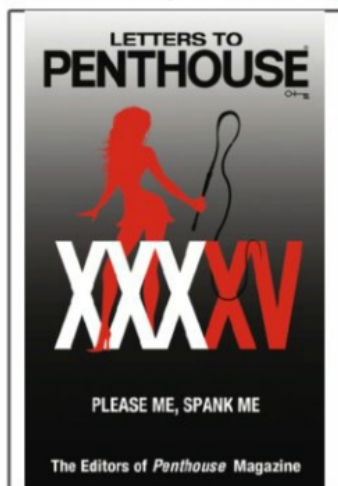
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my cock, and then it was my turn to have the most incredible orgasm ever. Thrusting one last time, and holding my cock deep inside Nevaeh's ass, I shot a huge load of come into her.

The night didn't end there. Erik joined Nevaeh and me in a threesome that concluded with Nevaeh getting double-fucked for the first time. The three of us have gotten together many times since, but for me, the highlight is always when I get to fuck Nevaeh's fine ass. —M.N., *Mississippi*

■ Cougar Hunting

I'm a 23-year-old guy with a thing for older women, so as soon as I met Diane at a business seminar, I had visions of fucking this beautiful woman in every way imaginable.

Diane, who looked to be about 30, was an incredibly beautiful brunette with almond-shaped eyes and a sexy smile. As for her figure, even the tailored business suit she wore could not conceal her luscious curves. And the fact that she wore a wedding ring didn't prevent me from lusting after her.

I made it a point to chat her up at every opportunity, and at the end of the first day's session, I asked her to meet me for dinner. She declined my offer and said she had a few errands to run, but suggested that we meet later for a drink in the hotel lounge.

I returned to my room, ordered room service, and showered. Then I pulled on some jeans and a sweater and headed down to the lounge to meet Diane. As soon as I walked in, I saw her sitting in a booth. When she spotted me, she smiled and waved me over. No longer in business attire, Diane was wearing jeans and a low-cut top that clung to her firm tits and showed a lot of cleavage. I had a woody just looking at her and imagining how it would feel to have my face pressed against that cleavage.

We ordered drinks and talked easily about a range of subjects. When the conversation turned personal, Diane shocked me by revealing her age—38—and that she had two children. When I told Diane how young I thought she looked, she reached for my hand and thanked me for the compliment. I told her that her husband was a lucky man to have such a beautiful and desirable wife.

"Maybe you should tell my husband that," Diane said. "He hasn't wanted to get lucky with me for a couple of years now."

It was now or never. I told Diane that I would love to get lucky with her. I wasn't sure how she would react as I sat there with my cock straining against my fly. We locked fingers while I waited for Diane to make the next move. It didn't take long. She slid beside me and placed her hand in my lap. Then she ran her fingers along the full length of my erection.

"I haven't felt one of these in a long time," Diane said. "I think we could both make each other very happy tonight."

I could not have agreed more. I paid the bill and we headed up to Diane's room. I've never had a woman undress me before, but as soon as we were in the room and behind closed doors, Diane pretty much ripped my clothes off.

"Oh! What a beautiful cock!" Diane gasped as she got down on her knees and hungrily took my dick into her mouth. She never came up for air; she just kept deep-throating my shaft until I erupted, then she swallowed my entire load.

She quickly stripped off her own clothes and pulled me down on the bed with her. Then she guided my hand to her pussy, which was soaking wet. While I thumbed her clit and finger-fucked her juicy cunt, I teased her nipples and enjoyed playing with her big tits.

"I need you to eat my cunt, now!"

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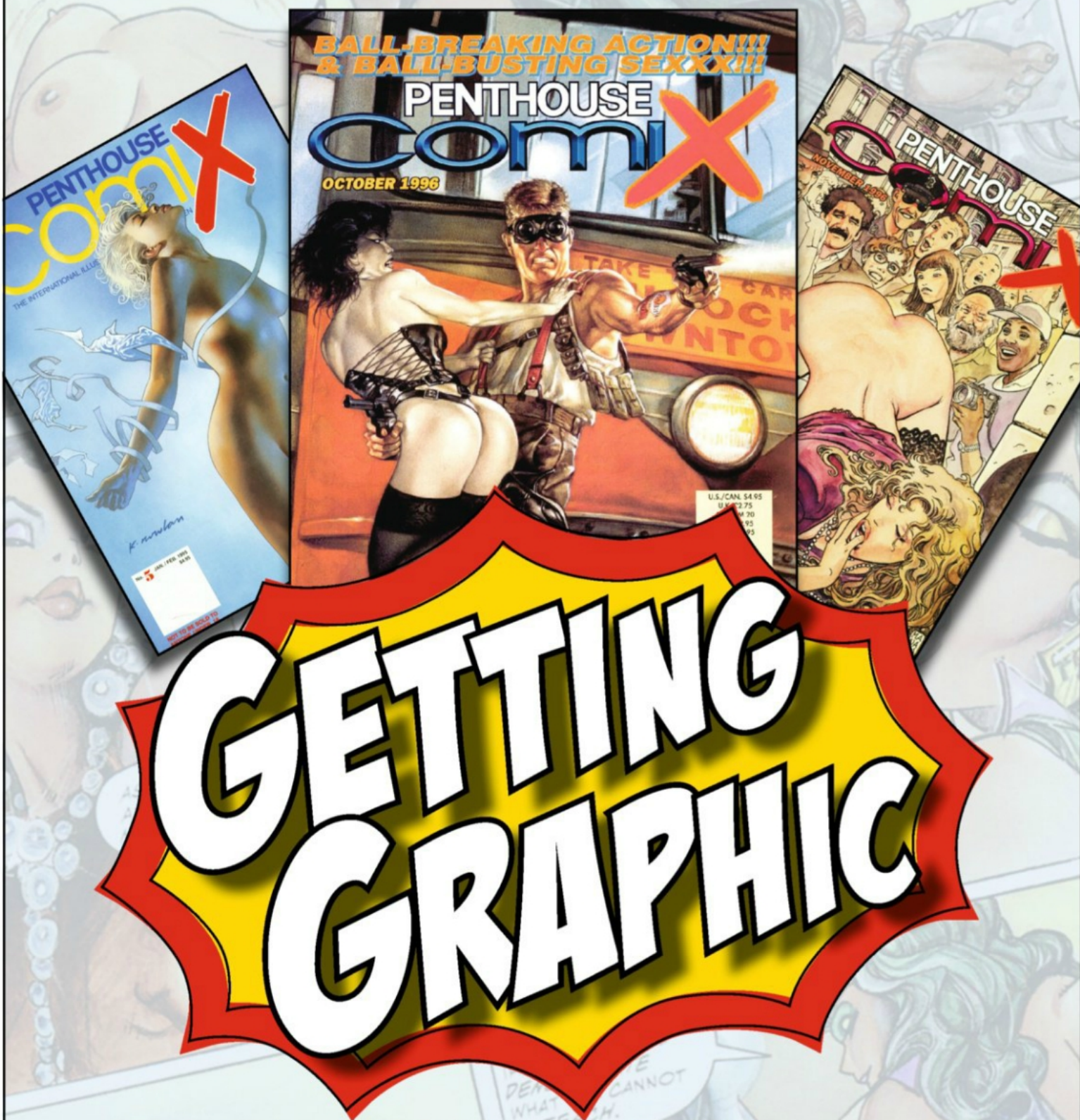
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Diane cried out, placing her hands on my head and pushing me downward. I dove right in, eagerly licking and sucking Diane's sweet snatch as she flailed wildly, thrusting her pelvis against my mouth.

I paused for a moment to get a grip on her gyrating hips and she screamed, "Oh, don't stop, baby! Keep sucking my cunt! Yes! Yes!" None of the women I'd been with had ever come so hard or for so long. I later realized that she'd had a series of orgasms, not just one. I was happy to please her, but my cock wanted to get inside her in the worst way.

Crying out for me to fuck her, Diane pulled me up for a deep, passionate kiss. While we tongue-wrestled, I drilled my cock hard into her juicy cunt.

"Oh, God! Your big cock feels so good!" Diane cried as she wrapped her legs around me. "Harder! Fuck me harder! I want you to come inside my cunt!" I slammed into her again and again. Then we were both coming simultaneously, and I exploded deep inside her. "Oh, yes! I'm coming. I'm coming!" Diane yelled as she had yet another orgasm. I could feel our combined juices as I collapsed on top of her.

After a brief time-out, this hot, sexy woman wanted more—and I was happy to oblige. I stayed the night and lost count of how many orgasms we

had between us. The next morning we showered and, before getting dressed, I pulled Diane down on top of me in a sixty-nine and we sucked each other off.

Diane's appetite for sex was almost insatiable. During the next three days of the seminar, the only time I saw my room was when I needed clean clothes. We spent every break and lunch hour fucking in her room. In the evenings, we met for drinks and then spent the night going at it.

Diane told me she would never forget me, and that I was the best lover she ever had. Well, Diane was certainly the best piece of ass I ever had—and probably will ever have. But who knows? She has my number, and I'm hoping she gives me a call so we can meet again and pick up where we left off.—M.G., Ontario

■ Sexy Sleepover

The house was empty and quiet when I got home. I'd spent the entire day helping a friend build a deck and figured Cherie was out with the kids. But when I walked into the kitchen, I found a note. The kids were at sleepovers, and she was upstairs in the bedroom waiting for me with a surprise. She said to take a shower before joining her.

I showered in record time, all the

I slammed into her again and again. Then we were coming simultaneously, and I exploded deep inside her.



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while wondering what Cherie had planned. Wrapping a towel around my waist, I started up the stairs. I heard my wife's voice, then stopped for a minute when I heard her friend Therese answer her.

Cherie and I have been married for 12 years, and although she's never been into experimenting, we still have an exciting sex life. Recently, she'd shared her interest in having a threesome. She hadn't said whether she wanted it to be with another guy or a girl. As I continued up the stairs, all I could do was imagine that those two beautiful women in my bedroom were indeed waiting for me.

When I reached the bedroom door, Cherie and Therese were lying naked across the bed watching a porno. I immediately took in their stunning asses as the blood rushed to my rising cock. "So, what are you naughty girls up to?" I asked, as I

dropped my towel and knelt on the bed between them.

"Therese and I are up for some fun tonight," Cherie said. Then they both smiled and rolled onto their backs. "Can you help us out?"

My heart was racing and my cock throbbed as I admired their big, beautiful tits and pretty pussies, which had been shaved smooth. It was the first time I had ever seen Cherie with her pussy shaved. I couldn't wait to find out how it felt.

"Is this the kind of fun you two are looking for?" I asked, kneading their stiff, plump clits between my fingers.

"Oh, yes! That's exactly what we're looking for, baby—and more," Cherie moaned.

I told Cherie I wanted to see her kiss Therese. As they pressed their lips together, I pressed my fingers inside their juicy love holes. They began humping my hands. The intoxicating scent of their sex was overwhelming.


Pulling Cherie to the edge of the bed, I knelt between her legs and feasted on her juicy pussy with newfound excitement, the feel of her smooth-shaven skin spurring me on. Within minutes, Cherie was crying out and spilling her tasty juice onto my waiting tongue.

Then I moved between Therese's legs and began eating her out, but Cherie had other ideas. Nudging me aside, she said, "Honey, I want to taste her, too. Save some for me!"

With that, I relinquished my position to my wife. Cherie knelt on the floor and pulled Therese's legs over her shoulders. Burying her face in Therese's snatch, she began lapping between the folds. She quickly brought Therese to a screaming climax.

I'd been playing with my cock during all of this, and was ready for action. I grabbed Therese's legs and lifted her ass from the bed, burying my cock deep inside her love hole. As I fucked her, Cherie squatted over Therese's face while she eagerly sucked my wife's cunt.

After Cherie came, I turned Therese over and fucked her doggie-style, thrusting my cock deep inside her until I could no longer hold back, and spewed my hot come into her.

Needless to say, the three of us didn't get any sleep that night. Since then, we have been together many times, and each time has been as exciting and satisfying as the first.—*D.K., Nevada* 

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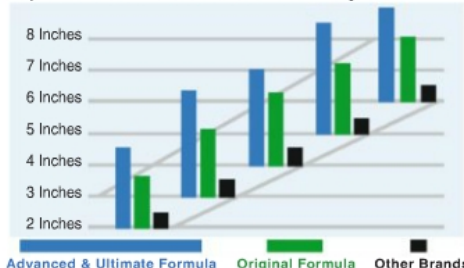
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April Showers

Given that we've got supersexy images of April O'Neil at our disposal, and that we're willing to share, we're sure you'll forgive our kind of cheesy play on words. Shower fucks don't get much hotter than April's steamy encounter with Lou Charmelle. See the full scene at Penthouse.com.



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